THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXII. No. 1723

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JAN. 28, 1933

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Statement of Accounts, December 31st, 1932

	£
LIABILITIES	
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	420,997,244
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	10,669,817
Engagements	4,942,906
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes and Balances with Bank of England	43,007,981
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	14,348,542
Money at Call and Short Notice	20,596,690
Investments at or under Market Value	93,065,351
Bills Discounted	86,505,644
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	170,421,074
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	15,612,723
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	9,626,535
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	1,079,597
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	750,000
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,574,886
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,992,472
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,376,393
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	400,091

The Midland Bank and its Affiliated Companies operate 2550 branches in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and have agents and correspondents in all parts of the world.

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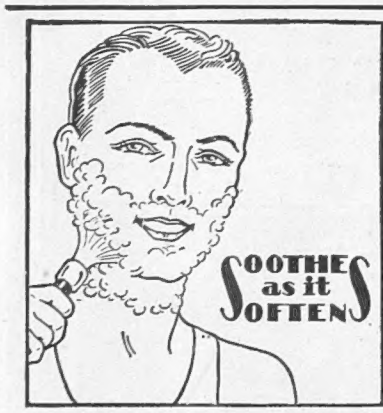

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Cuticura Shaving Cream

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Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

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PLAYER'S
AIRMAN
NAVY CUT

P.A.22.B

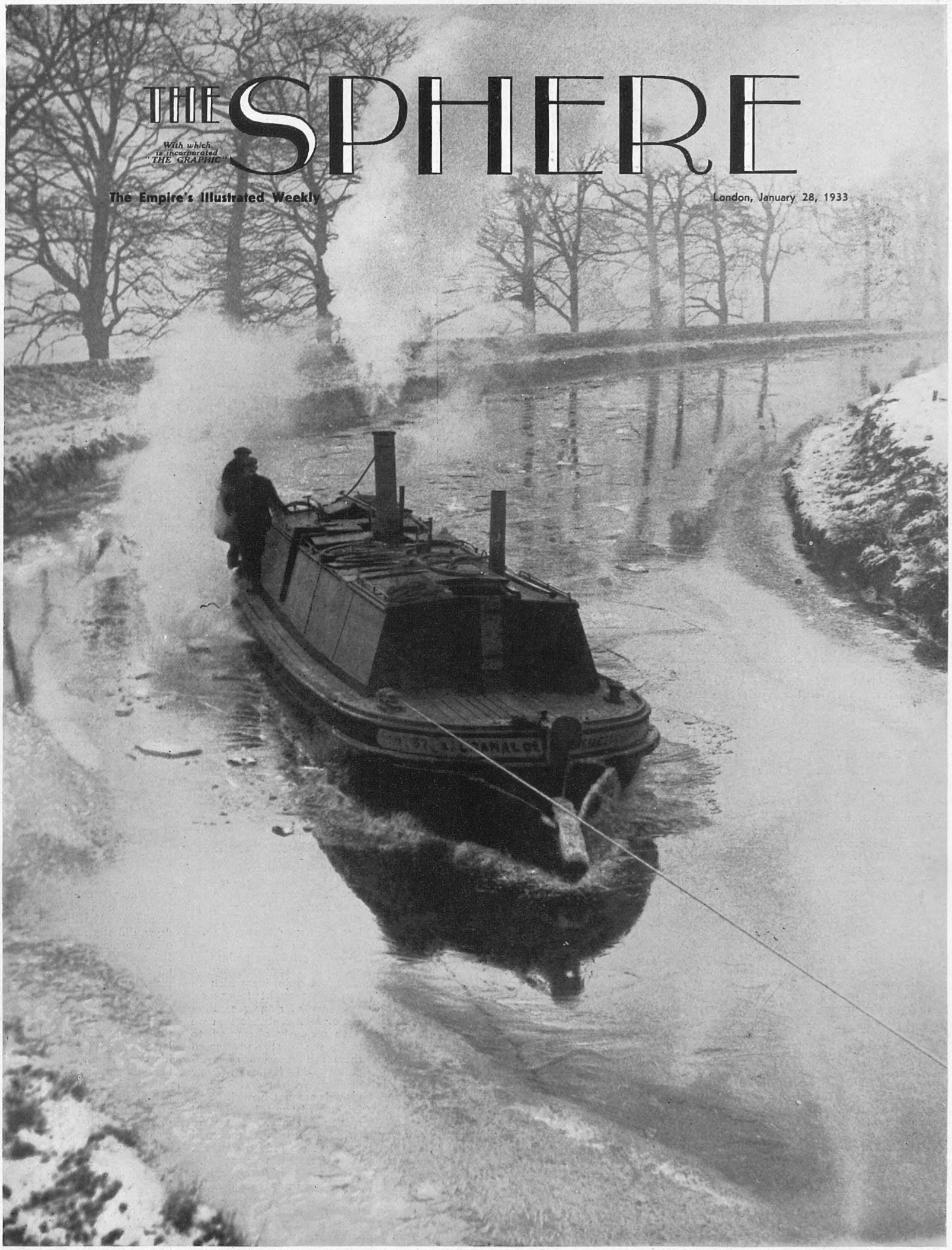
Volume CXXXII No. 1723

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 28, 1933



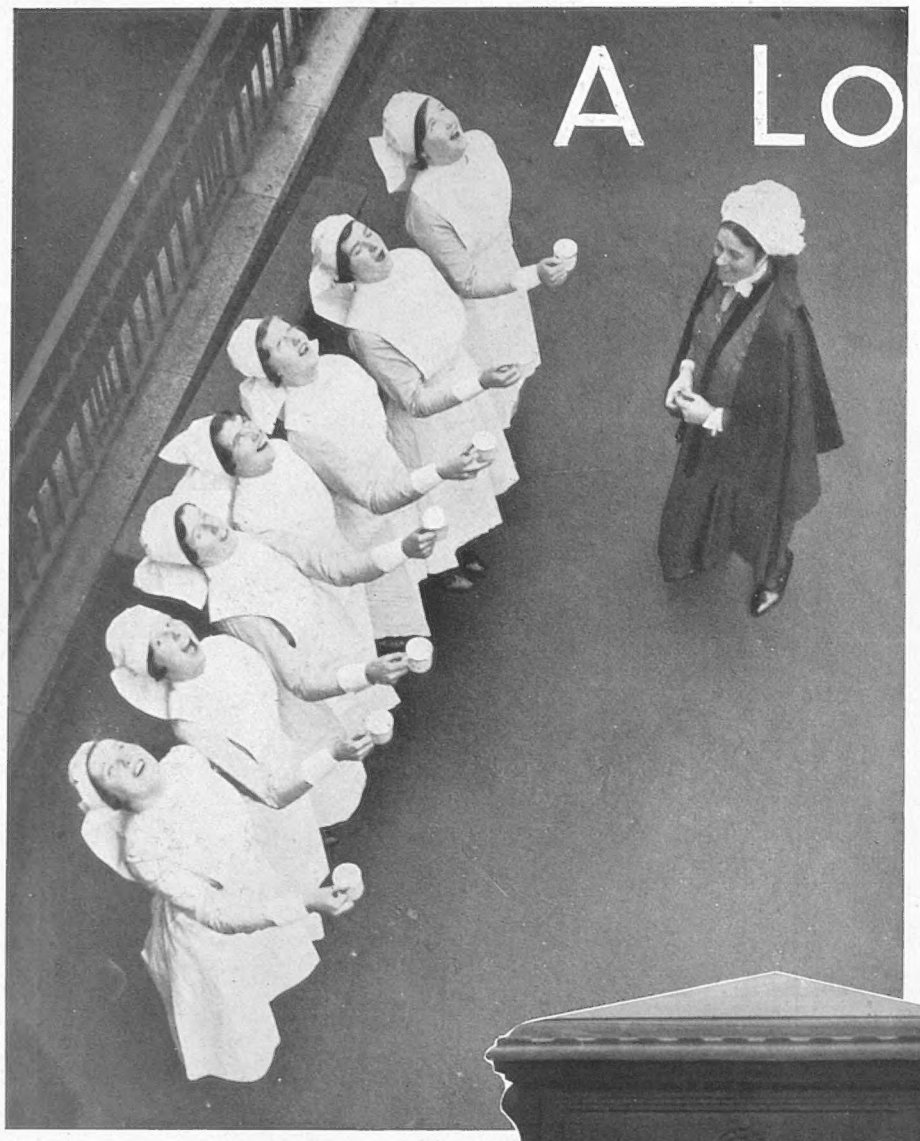
BREAKING THE ICE!

A Steam Ice-Breaker on the Heavily-Frozen Leeds and Liverpool Canal, near Gargrave, Yorks

The type of vessel known as an ice-breaker, although this steam barge cracking its way through a 2-in. crust does not compare with the *Krassin*, connotes rather the frozen wastes of the Russo-Arctic seas than the North of Britain, but we have (despite Protection!) been inflicted with a "dumping" of Russian weather in the past few days. The icy winds of Siberia have swept across the country, reducing conversation to a chatter—of teeth. The various automobile advisory bodies have recommended the use of chains in many areas; the winter-sports enthusiasts who could not afford to go to Switzerland are making their play while the frost holds; skating is in full swing, even in the South; and unemployment is temporarily relieved by the work of snow-clearing. Perhaps the most beneficial effect of this cold snap is to be found in the fact that it has put a check to the epidemic of influenza—a check described a day or two ago in the words: "The 'Grippe' of Winter has relaxed its hold at the icy tension of Winter's grip"

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWS



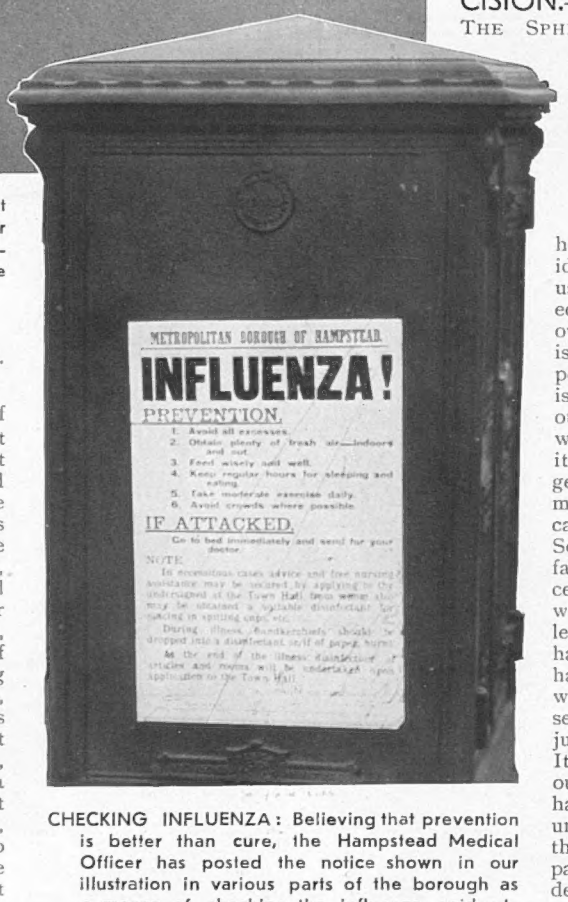
PRACTISING WHAT THEY PREACH: Nurses at Moorfields Eye Hospital carrying out their daily gargle parade, as an influenza preventative, under the critical eyes of the matron

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 25, 1933.

THE LAST 800.—The spirit of man refuses to be beaten. Man must get to the top, and until he does Everest spells Neverest. The top of the world is 29,000 ft. above sea level, but the experience and toil of Mr. Ruttledge's predecessor - pioneers have "made child's play" of 28,000 ft. of it. Bruce, Meade, Norton, Irvine, Mallory, and other famous climbers have left their marks to guide the latest adventurers, and to-day it is a question not of miles but of feet. You and I, climbing Cairngorm in search of ptarmigan, smile at the idea of covering 100 yards in an hour or 600 yards in a day. But that is the problem of Mount Everest, after the 27,500-ft. level. It is all a question of whether the chosen remnant of the expedition can, on the final day, with or without oxygen apparatus, climb 600 ft. and return to the shelter of the last camp before the light fails. On that unknown factor the whole success of this elaborately planned expedition depends. Is it worth it? There are no commensurate scientific gains to be looked for. But what *is* worth while? The signature of the Treaty of Versailles? The winning of the Test rubber? The completion of *Pride and Prejudice* or for that matter of *The Rosary?* The completion of any and every honest task that appears from the far end impossible or impossibly laborious is essentially worth while. It raises human morale, it sustains and dignifies and confirms the spirit of man.

. . . .

It affords all humanity that courage and confidence without which we cannot contemplate the dangers and difficulties which still and to the end of time lie before us and our children. Mr. Ruttledge and his chosen band are off to make the only kind of history that matters. They follow in the steps of Prometheus and Icarus and Columbus, of Drake and Cook and Franklin, of Scott and Lindbergh and the other men and women of our own unconquerable age. There is no falling off in human courage and in the will to endure and risk life. Our own page of history is not less glorious than the best that goes before. At one time last week, one-half of our air pioneers were searching the earth for traces of the other half, lost in dangerous ventures. These young men are not gone off directly to solve the most pressing problems of the hour—disarmament, debt settlement, unemployment, housing—but indirectly *Yes*. The spirit they keep alive enables us to endure our present ills and gives us that patience and restraint by which alone these problems can be solved. All England has them in its thoughts and names them in its prayers, for they go to prove once more the essential nobility of human nature.



CHECKING INFLUENZA: Believing that prevention is better than cure, the Hampstead Medical Officer has posted the notice shown in our illustration in various parts of the borough as a means of checking the influenza epidemic which is raging through the country

CHINESE GORDON. The centenary of Gordon's birth must not pass unnoticed. He was essentially human and was left too long a legend. To that extent Lytton Strachey did good service to his memory and to its example to posterity. His weaknesses should not be passed over, for they enhance his strength. He mastered himself while he mastered his country's enemies in Crimea, China, India, Africa, Palestine, Egypt and the Sudan. His temper was sometimes uncontrollable, his ambition had to be constantly restrained, his appetites perpetually broke out. His own published records of these spiritual struggles in which he was constantly engaged have induced a certain disenchantment, and somehow killed the romance of his military career. The present generation is inclined to regard him as a rather dingy hero of romance, because his confessions are too frank for his own age and not sufficiently endowed with a sense of humour and impersonality for our own. But he was indeed spiritually and politically in advance of his age. His was the Liberal policy which we claim as ours in respect of Indian and Chinese Nationalism and the enfranchisement of native races. He is very much a national hero and example whose strength and weakness should be studied.

THE FREE STATE'S DECISION.—Before this issue of THE SPHERE is out the Free State Election will be over and her fate will be decided. If Southern Irishmen were even cousins to Englishmen or Scotsmen I should put my money on Cosgrave. Englishmen and Scotsmen are not half-hearted about their political ideals, but at election time usually the hard facts of economics have preference over political aspirations. It is bread and butter first and political ideals afterwards. It is body and soul, not the other way about. Perhaps we are materialistic; perhaps it is common sense. It is generally conceded that a man must live. But you cannot judge the actions of Southern Irishmen on any familiar standards. After centuries of mismanagement we understand their character less than the Chinese. They have borne so much; they have inherited an endurance we cannot compass, and a sense of injustice which in justice we ought to excuse. It is barely for one generation out of four centuries that we have seriously attempted to undo the past and accord them full measure of sympathy and justice in our dealings with them. Their wounds are not healed. The Irishman has a thin skin and a long memory. If it were England, the bait of a reopened market for her staple industries would catch every interested vote at this juncture. The sweets of Ottawa might yet be theirs, if the Free State decided for Cosgrave.

. . . .

But the ideal of an Emerald Isle—an independent State, speaking its own language, glorying in its storied traditions and its romantic literature; standing alone and sharing with none the harvest of its native genius—is inspired with centuries of longing. It matters not to the idealist that there is no money for the idea and no money in the idea, that the body will die before the soul is satisfied, that the head and shoulders of the body politic have no desire for, and no intention of submitting to, the ideal of a united and independent Ireland. Even de Valera, during the first weeks of the campaign, talked more of brass tacks than of political ideals. But he knows his followers better than we, and in his knowledge he felt strong enough to declare unequivocally his policy in the last week. The Ireland of a dream—the emerald solitaire—the centuries-old ideal. By what means it is to be obtained, by what means maintained, he does not know. He asks his followers to vote for the ideal and to hope that their decision will bring it nearer. If Irishmen were akin to Englishmen, they would cheer him on the platform and vote for Cosgrave. But your true Irishman is no kin of ours. It all depends how many true Irishmen the electorate contains—men who are reckless to strike a romantic gesture, men prepared to starve for a vague ideal, gentlemen who disdain to worry over "the dirthy money."

A FLEET STREET WORTHY.—Among the score of memorials which will one day rise to Mr. Lloyd George's memory, not the least expensive should stand in Fleet Street, for no man ever proved a more valuable friend to reporters in search of copy. Ll. G. never fails. He cannot resist the lure of the open note book and the thought of tomorrow's far-flung headlines. On his seventieth birthday, the best seller among journalists suffered not even the youngest penman to go empty away. He crammed each sack full of golden grain and left a jewelled cup in each sack's mouth. One came away with an idyll of Welsh scenery, another found a beautifully turned phrase such as "squint-eyed Liberalism," or "flaccid, oleaginous Whiggery." A third was able to assure his readers that the Wizard was turning red and would yet lead a Communist Government. A fourth painted a moving picture of a simple and serene Cincinnatus "done with leadership," worn out with the cares of office, but ready at all times to offer to youth the garnered wisdom of the years, if youth and country will but leave him in peace in the sunset of his life among his well-loved mountains. When the young gentlemen closed their note books, bowed and withdrew, did the mask of a worn-out sage fall and reveal the mischievous, impish, lively features we are used to see daily depicted in caricature? Did the philosopher laugh loudly, rub his hands, pull out his quiver and poise a little barbed dart, planning his next assault on the pin-pricked hide of poor lumbering old Party-system? Did he imagine that any single reader, let alone reporter, would be for one moment hoodwinked, would for even an hour fail to note the curious inconsistency that screamed from his various utterances? We shall never know. Ll. G. is entitled to be called a mystery man of politics. I wonder whether even our post-War obstacles would have proved more irresistible than melted butter, if the energy and

FOR NEW YOR... sculptor, wh... in his Lond... "The Desce... s...

ETTER

fire of Ll. G. could have been wedded to the knowledge, sense, dignity and restraint of Asquith and the patriotism and loyalty of Baldwin, to produce a dictator? The man who rose to fame by his tongue has been destroyed by his tongue. His tongue is a sharp sword, and he who wields the sword shall perish by the sword.

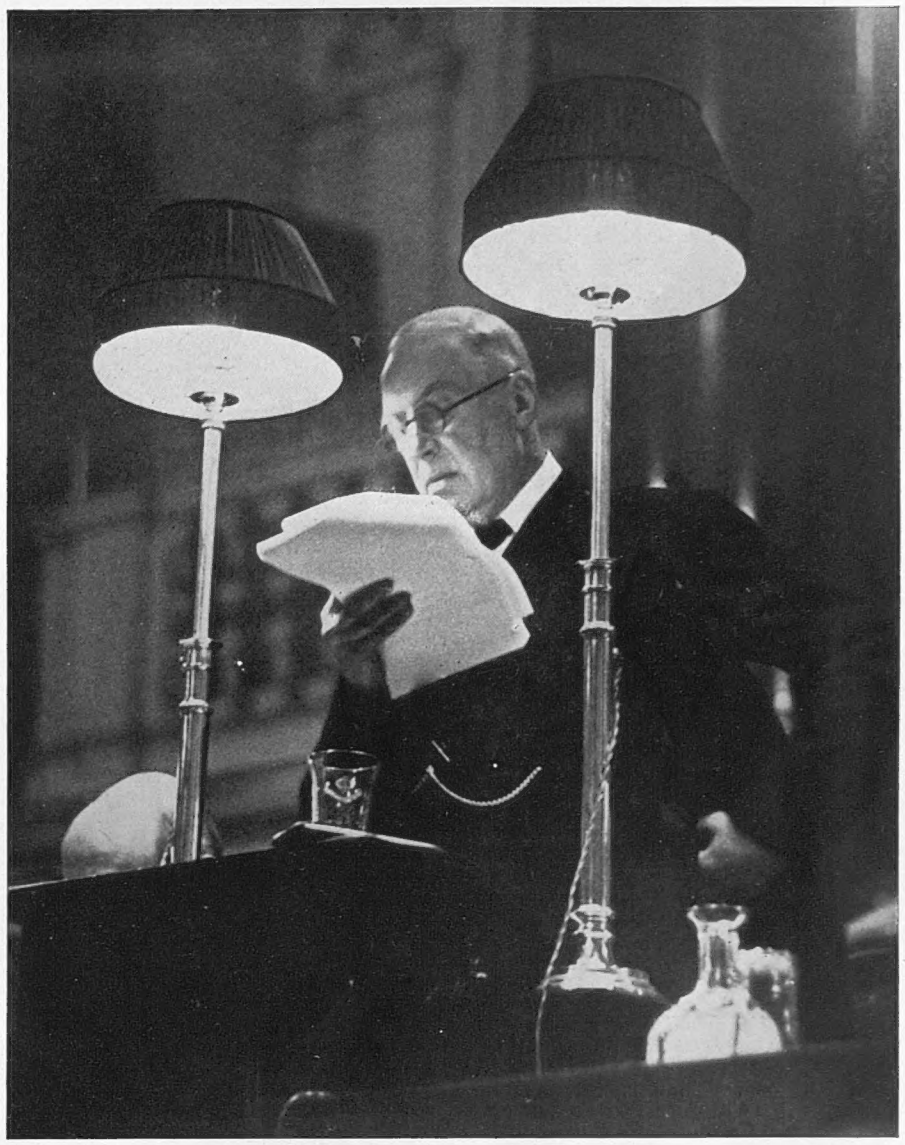
AN ABBEY PROBLEM.—We need not fear that the charge will be brought against us in England of iconoclasm, at least in regard to memorials to our dead. Dr. Foxley Norris last week fairly set out to a meeting of the Architectural Association the problem which faces the Dean and Chapter in the Abbey. True it is that much of the present congestion is due to the fact that the Abbey was not always a jealously guarded national sanctuary, but for centuries fulfilled the functions in some measure of a Parish Church. Hence the now illogical wall-space therein conceded to perfectly unimportant persons, of whom Tom Thynne, victim of a gang of foreign blackguards, is a good example. I cannot myself see the dangers that are anticipated in a review and a re-assessment of standards. Indeed the time is ripe for the adoption of this policy towards public monuments in our streets also. "Tom of Ten Thousand"—and a hundred more as obscure as he—have had a good run for their money. Three hundred years is a large slice of immortality for the most illustrious, and there are a hundred monuments in the Abbey and St. Paul's and a score of statues in our streets which should make way now for their betters and for the convenience of posterity. We are jealous respecters of our ancestors and of their works, and we can afford to relax a little. The Duke of York's Column should come down; indeed it should never have raised its boastful head to Heaven. The site it stands on is even now vitally needed for traffic improvement. St. Paul's is made hideous by pretentious statuary raised to the memory of mediocre men who have enjoyed an immortality of which in their wildest moments they never dreamed. There is no need to scrap them altogether. There is the Crystal Palace. Why not a national Valhalla of mediocrities and obscurities under Paxton's Dome? Such a permanent exhibition would be popular as an objective for school and women's institute outings; and sculptors would find it a valuable object lesson. Every great country house has its museum of rejections—its exhibits vary every generation. A nation revises its standards of merit in art and literature. Winterhalter and Frith rise and fall, Tennyson and Browning are acclaimed and exploded. There can be no sort of impiety in revising our standards of the sculptured dead or indeed of the merit of the works which commemorate them. If new facts magnify their reputations or a new fashion revives the importance of their sculptors' art, back they can come again.

BODY-LINE OR HEAD-LINE?—Would not "head-line" have been a more apt adjective than "body-line" for that particular form of bowling which has made such a mockery of the phrase, "Board of *Control*"? I *will* not waste ink over this International crisis, which has done more to prove the insanity of taking a game too seriously than has a decade of the twaddle of sporting journalists. But at the week-end I breathed a prayer that the M.C.C. committee might have a "right judgment in all things," mixing the exact proportions of the necessary ingredients—courtesy, gravity, common sense, courage, strength, calmness, and sense of humour and proportion. Cricket's only a game, and left to itself it's a grand game. Let it not be spoilt by fresh regulations because half-a-dozen men have temporarily got cold feet or hot heads or both. It seems my prayer has been answered.

Mr. A. O'Connor, the distinguished Irish-American ...was recently returned from Paris, is shown ...tudio, working on a gigantic stone group called ...rom the Cross." When completed the sculpture ...s to be sent over to New York

"THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE."—I referred the other day to Dr. Munthe's generous gift of £5,000 for charitable purposes made to the King of Sweden. I deplore misleading and careless references in the Press and am anxious to correct my own lapses. I have a feeling that I gave the impression that in handing over this cheque Dr. Munthe parted with the whole of his profits to date from this immortal best seller. That, of course, is wrong. The author's profits from the English and American sales alone would have amounted to several times this figure, and the noble donation to the King was presumably the total receipts by the author from Swedish or Scandinavian sales to date. Best sellers of this sort are rare, and very profitable to all concerned.

THE SEASON'S SPORT.—The shooting season is finishing and the best of the hunting season is over. The sportsman who keeps a game register and compares the season 1932–3 with its three or four predecessors sheds a tear for the great days and wonders if they can ever return. The days when hecatombs of pheasants were reared for slaughter belonged to the Edwardian Age, and none would have them back. It is the wilder forms of sport on which one's hopes are set nowadays, and only the wild pheasant this year has played up. In many parts of England and Scotland there has not been such a season for wild pheasants within memory. But the state of agriculture is reflected in the conditions in partridge countries. Two lean years have succeeded two bumper years and a mysterious disease this season decimated a poor stock. As for the grouse, except locally in Aberdeenshire and neighbouring counties, bags have dwindled since the last great season of 1922. The "seven-year cycle" failed to work and at present stocks are low though healthy. But grouse and partridges "bob up" in a wonderful way, and in Scotland the feed is splendid. But shooting in the south is faced with many handicaps. More and more grass land, more and more syndicates, constantly changing and out for blood, less and less money for feeding, watching and vermin killing, more and more cabbage-patch gunmen. Hunting struggles along in the face of terrific obstacles. It is sad but inevitable to learn how many masterships will be a-begging at the end of the season. With the Americans as hard hit as we, there are not many purses that can stand the racket of a crack pack. Things are easier in the provinces, but even there the sinews of the Hunt, the farmers, are withering. Most of them can no longer afford to turn out themselves; worse still, they cannot afford to grin at the damage that fox-hunting entails for them. And, if that were not enough, the outbreak of foot and mouth came inopportunely to put the lid on it. If the spirit of fox-hunting were not undying fire, this country would now be a chequer-board of wire fences, and every covert-shoot would number its tale of vulpine victims.



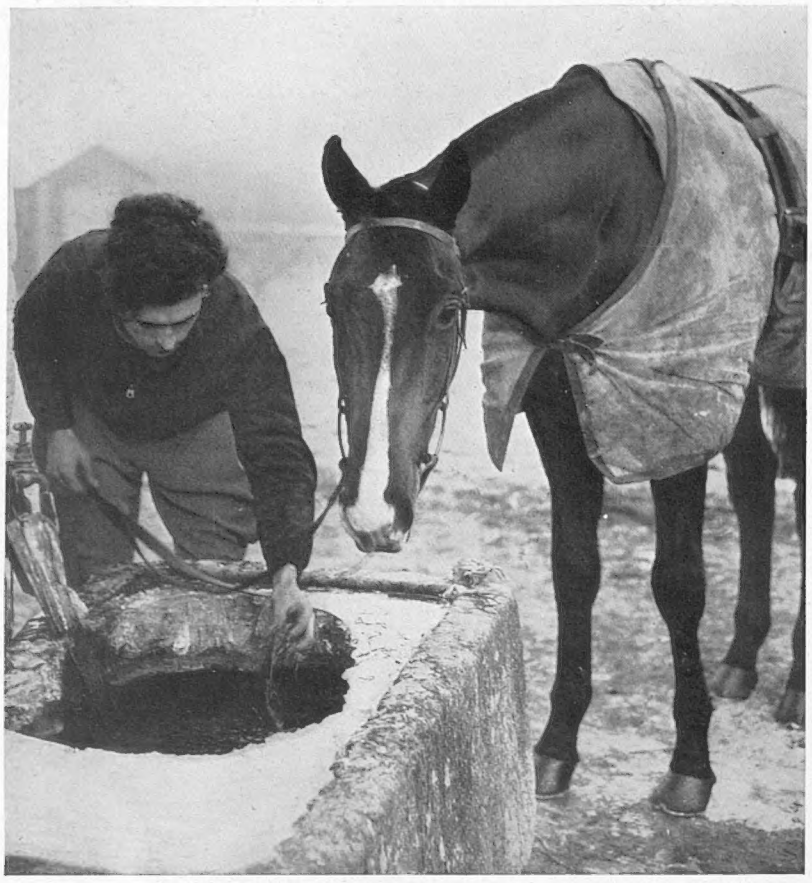
LIGHT ON THE FINANCIAL SITUATION: Mr. F. C. Goodenough, chairman of Barclays Bank, Ltd., speaking at Southern House, Cannon Street, when the bank's annual report was submitted to the shareholders last week. Mr. Goodenough made some outspoken comments on the American Debt situation. While, within fourteen years, Europe had realized that the various countries of the world must be regarded, so far as war debts are concerned, as one unit, America has not yet arrived at the breadth of vision required fully to appreciate the truth of this view. Mr. Goodenough commented acidly enough that there had never been any question as to whether or no Great Britain would fulfil her contracts—ever the essence of British policy and practice—but he suggested that it were neither reasonable nor right were this country forced to continue payments from half-year to half-year pending a problematical and satisfactory discussion and settlement. In the words of one wit, a war-debt discussion is the carrot held before the British donkey's nose to induce him to continue his golden run

GEORGE MOORE.—The critics were very unanimous about George Moore. He was a craftsman of letters. He wrote to please himself, to satisfy his insatiable standards, first and last. He said himself often that no writer whose aim is art will ever produce popular successes. He stresses this point in his *Avowals*, which is of all books about books the one which has most stimulated me. George Moore must be likened to the old carpenter-craftsmen of happier centuries. Such an one would take an order for a cabinet or a chimney-piece or a bit of panelling and, growing immersed in his work, forget all about his customer's needs, time or money, and calmly elaborate the work to perfection solely for his own satisfaction, though his wife and children cried out for bread. Sometimes a man's writings prejudice one in favour of the man's character. Stevenson is a case in point. Without his books, Stevenson's personality would not—after his biographers have done their worst—greatly attract us. George Moore's writings on the whole do no service to his character in the eyes of those who did not know him. They do not speak to his kindness of heart. They suggest a cool and even egotistic detachment and a rather merciless criticism. He would have hated to be linked for comparison with Stevenson, of whom he did not think much. But the two have this in common, I make no doubt. Both were essentially craftsmen who put the art of their work before its material success. Both were sedulous twisters and jugglers, and polishers of words and phrases, deriving intense enjoyment from the work, far more than from the approbation of sound critics. But while Stevenson could turn out a dozen popular successes, Moore resolutely avoided more than one such disastrous prostitution of art. Something went wrong with *Esther Waters;* it appealed to the common herd. Like Stevenson he was a great story-teller and a great prose writer. But Stevenson had the heart of a boy. Moore was born disillusioned.

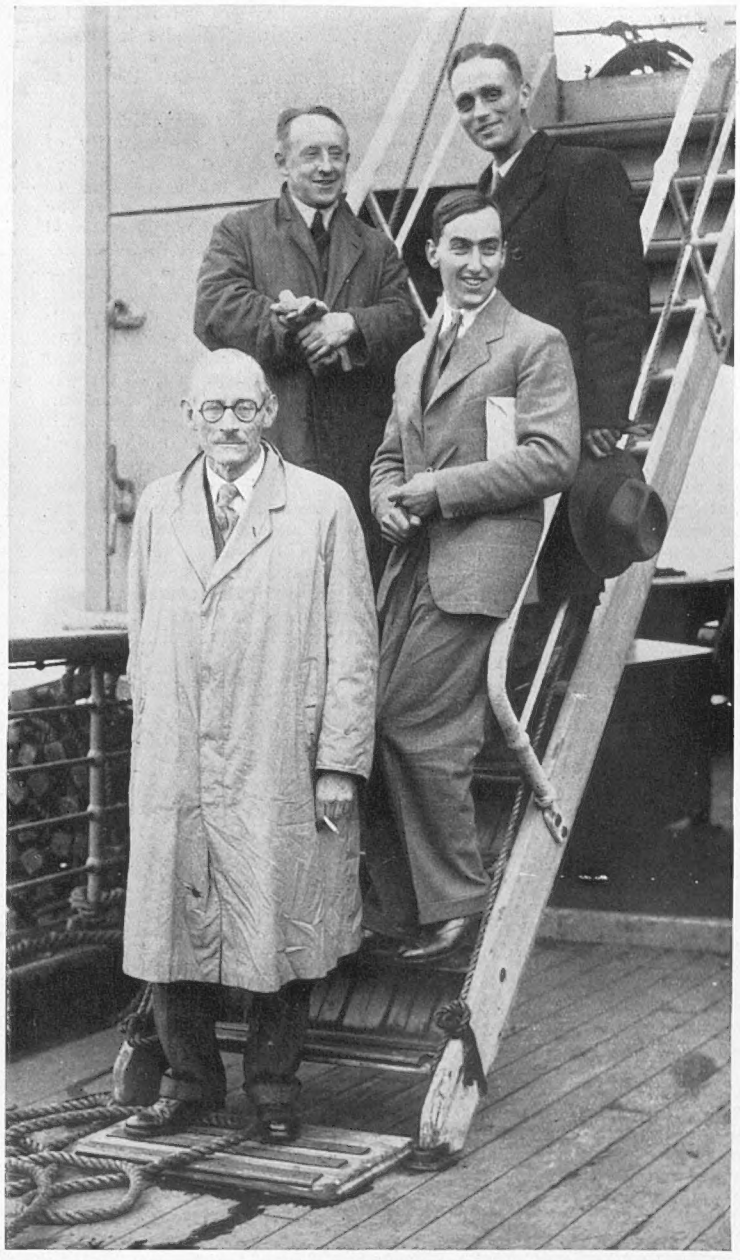
THE OLD STAGER.

a–b 2

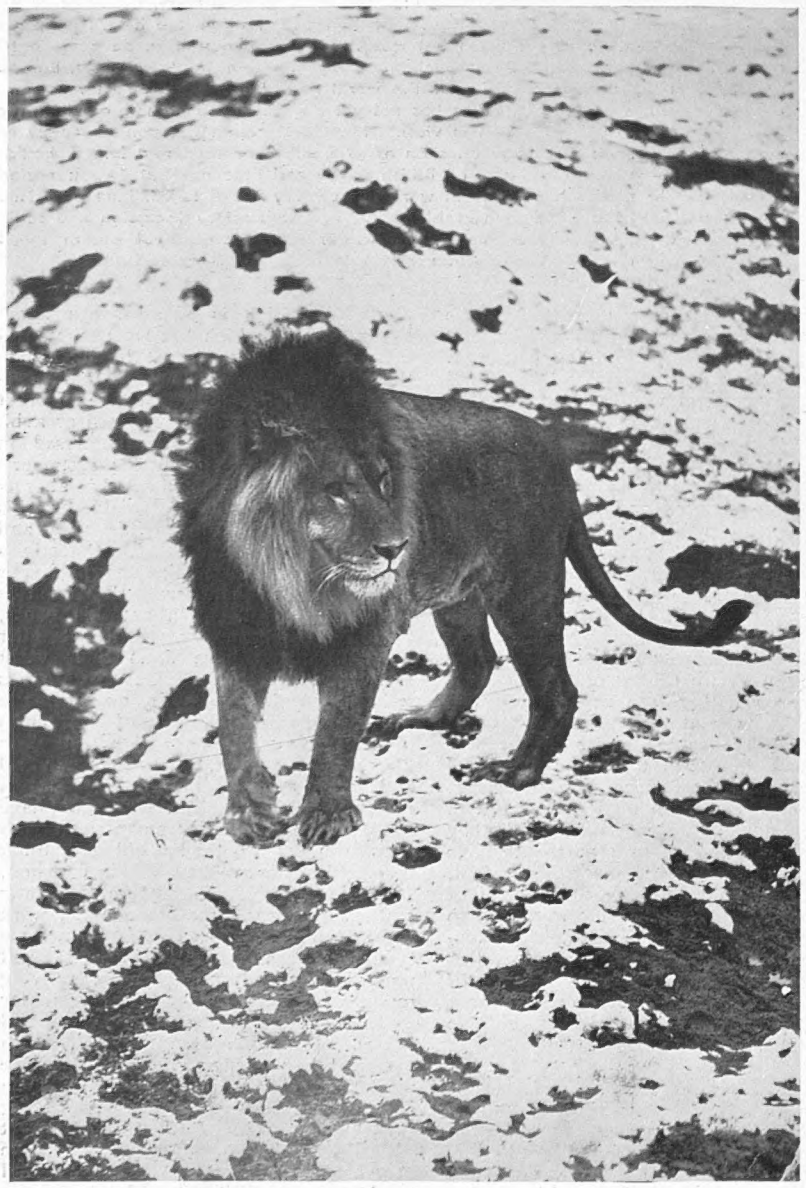
A QUARTETTE of INTEREST



THE RETURN OF THE RUNAWAY: Inniskeen, the brown gelding, whose disappearance at exercise caused stable lads on foot, on horseback, and in motor cars to scour an area of 20 square miles of woods and commons at East Clandon, Surrey. After the thunder of the captains and the shouting, Inniskeen calmly trotted back to Peter Thrale's training quarters having enjoyed his week-end holiday. So frosty was the weather that he had to have the ice (literally) broken before he could enjoy his morning wet



TO ASSAIL THE GREATEST GIANT IN THE WORLD: Messrs. C. G. Crawford, E. Shipton, Hugh Ruttledge, and J. Longland, members of the Ruttledge Expedition which hopes to conquer Mount Everest, are seen above on board S.S. *Cormorin*, *en route* for the Himalayas



OUT OF HIS ELEMENT: One of the Whipsnade lions regards the snow-covered Dunstable Downs with disfavour, comparing to its disadvantage their icy and inhospitable surface with the hot veld of his native Africa. King (Felis) Leo is seen above on the prowl for food

SPEAKING TO THE "MIKE" AND TO THE "MICKS": Lady Maureen Stanley, the daughter-in-law of Lord Derby, addresses a meeting in Liverpool—famous for its Irish population—on behalf of the Conservative candidate in the by-election, Colonel J. J. Shute

NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTAL COUNTRIES

REFUGEES OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION: The political refugees who escaped from exile at Villa Cisneros, whither they had been sent by the recently formed Republican Government, are seen above on the beach of Cezimbra, a village on the Portuguese coast. Eluding the pursuit of a Spanish gunboat they were landed at this port from a mysterious ship whose nationality was unknown, although rumour has stated that either a French yacht or a member of the lobster fleet was engaged. The Governor was immediately dismissed as was the captain of the guard-ship, the gunboat *Canovas*, who was, it is stated, A.W.L. The penal settlement is now being administered by the Governor-General of the Sahara. "The Sphere's" Special Foreign Correspondent, Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy, treated of this colony in Spanish West Africa, hard by the Rio de Oro, in "The Sphere" of November 12, 1932

THE RED VIRGIN OF BRITTANY: The most burning flame of the fire for autonomy that is ablaze at the moment in the Celtic world is Mlle Francine Roseg, who has arrived in Paris to further the interests of her beloved Brittany. It was the movement of which she is a leader that was accused of fomenting the recent riot which culminated in a smashed statue at Rennes

THE GOVERNMENT PROTECTS THOSE WHO WOULD SUBVERT IT! The line of police established near the Buelowplatz, Berlin, to see that no Communist window was opened during the Nazi parade last Sunday. The order of the day was: "One house, one guard!"

BROWN SHIRTS LOOKING FOR RED SHIRTS—AND TROUBLE! The shock battalions of the Nazis seen in the Communist quarter of Berlin, the Buelowplatz, where, as a provocative gesture, they staged a demonstration last Sunday—with police protection for the Reds

A FORCE AT GENEVA! In the above picture Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, Japanese delegate of the League of Nations, is shown leaving the Department of the Reichminister of Foreign Affairs, Baron von Neurath, during a recent visit to the German capital

JAPAN'S MISSION

"Japan's mission is to lead the world spiritually and intellectually."

A startling statement. I was wholly unprepared for such a beginning when, in Geneva the other day, I went to interview Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, appointed by the Emperor of Japan himself and in his presence, as Chief of the Japanese Delegation to defend Japan against China's charge of aggression before the League of Nations.

Small, youthful-looking, his gentle voice and suave manners do not disguise the forceful personality of the Japanese delegate. Leaning back, Mr. Matsuoka removed his glasses in silence, replaced them thoughtfully, and said: "Japan can offer spirituality to America and the entire western world. Japan, I am convinced, will be the cradle of a new Messiah."

I had not come to see Mr. Matsuoka on spiritual matters, but to obtain through him Japan's views on the grave problems in the Far East; why Japan has occupied Manchuria, and upon the chaos in China. I wanted to know whether Japan has any constructive plan for the pacification and unification of China, and how the Japanese statesmen visualize the Asia of the future with its vast population twice as great as that of all Europe combined.

I was, indeed, surprised that a part of the solution of this vast complex of Asiatic problems was "Japanism"—a term that I had not heard before. Mr. Matsuoka explained to me that "Japanism" represented the ideals and efforts of a small group of Japanese intellectuals and patriots to study and interpret the soul of Japan, not only in Japanese interests but for the cultural and spiritual benefit of humanity.

Listening to the Japanese statesman, I soon discovered that I was at the same time listening to a philosopher, conversant no less with western than with eastern philosophies, whose vision seems to go far beyond the boundaries of Manchuria.

The delegate of the Emperor of Japan, with the rank on this occasion of Ambassador Extraordinary, was, like the three principal Chinese delegates, Dr. Wellington Koo, Dr. W. W. Yen, and Mr. Quo Tai-chi, educated in America. Mr. Matsuoka attended the High School of Oakland, California, and later graduated from the Oregon Law School in Portland, Oregon. He speaks English perfectly, frequently expressing himself with astonishing frankness.

Outlining to me the future of Asia on a mental canvas of colossal proportions with deft and dexterous touches, the vexed questions of Geneva dwarfed in perspective.

Whatever may be the League of Nations' verdict regarding Japanese occupation of Manchuria, whatever may be world public opinion on the issue, whatever may be the consequences of threatened Chinese boycott, and the "organized long and earnest resistance" of China's 450,000,000 against Japan's 80,000,000 detailed to me a few hours previously by the Chinese Minister, Dr. W. W. Yen, the die is cast, and the mills of evolution have already begun their inexorable grind in reshaping the fate of the Pacific.

Japan is sure of herself. That is the strong impression I received from the conversation with Mr. Matsuoka. Japan is not fearful or hesitant, even though she envisages without illusion the difficulties and dangers in the path upon which she has set her feet. There are but three countries in the world to-day who are sure of themselves — Japan, Fascist Italy, and Red Russia. Three countries only, with a definite line of action and policy, regardless of world public opinion.

Japan has no idea of relinquishing one iota of her self-assumed rights and responsibilities in the Far East. Mr. Matsuoka scorned the suggestion that Japan wants to take anything from anybody, just as he laughed at the charge made by the Chinese before the Council of the League of Nations that Japan dreamed of conquering the world.

"We do not take. We are in a position to give. Japan has taken all she needs from the West, assimilated and naturalized Western mechanism and materialism. That much richer by a code and modernization which supplements our own traditional civilization, we hold a unique position amongst Far Eastern countries. Our occupation of Manchuria is not a question of 'taking' Manchuria in a military sense, or of taking anything away from Manchuria in a moral sense. It is Japan who is giving Manchuria precious principles of self-development, progress, and spirituality. This melting-pot of Asia, where meet and mingle Japanese, Chinese, Manchus, Mongols, Koreans, Siberians, and Russians (Red and White), one day may be able to save the whole of China."

The grave Japanese assured me that if, in time to come, a renascent and vitalized Manchuria of Japan's moulding and inspiration should desire to throw in her lot again with China, there would be none to hinder . . . . "That would be but one of Japan's many contributions to humanity."

I asked Mr. Matsuoka how Japan visualizes a future China, and what would be her idea of a solution for the great problem of Cathay. Mr. Matsuoka is one of the greatest authorities on China in the Far East. He reads and speaks that difficult language, has studied Chinese history, psychology, and characteristics for many years.

"It is not yet clear," he replied, "whether China is disintegrating temporarily or for the last time. During the last 4,000 years, following the overthrow of the dynasty, it has taken from fifty to 100 years to restore unity and peace in China. Thus, to a student of Chinese history, this present state of chaos is characteristic and foreseen. We are still more than a quarter-of-a-century away from the fifty year mark. It is not possible to say whether the world is witnessing the breaking-up of the huge Chinese Empire, or merely the travail of readjustment. In the meantime, as I have again and again told my Chinese friends—oh! yes, I have plenty of Chinese friends" he interpolated whimsically—"the only thing to do would be to get together, no matter how loosely connected, a federated China with Federal Council. From such a circle, a great mind or leader might arise who would save China. In any case, even the slightest fabric of organization would be of inestimable help and support to a Chinese leader or national organizer. We, in Japan, would do a very great deal to help China towards peace and unification.

"In fact, some solution to China's problem *must* be found. You in the West do not, or cannot, realize that China, as she is to-day, is the greatest danger to humanity in this twentieth century. The Boxer Rising of 1900 will be child's play compared to what is inevitable if China continues in her present state of anarchy. The anti-foreign feeling incessantly increases, infecting more and more of China's 450,000,000, as communication and contact facilitate the spread of propaganda. You don't know what you are letting yourselves in for. We in Japan do. That is why we want to inspire and educate Manchuria in high humanitarian and spiritual principles. We hope that Manchuria will be a beacon to Asia."

IMPERIAL JAPAN: In the set, determined faces of these 2,000 Japanese sailors, as they march past Rear-Admiral Oyamada, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, in Hangkew Park, Shanghai, can be seen something of the spirit that is making Japan the most dominant nation in the East to-day. This ceremony terminated with a spectacular charge by the whole 2,000 men

"Is not the position of the Japanese Island Empire geographically somewhat analogous to that of the British Isles in regard to China and the mainland, and the European Continent respectively"? I asked.

"Yes," the Ambassador replied, "but with two differences. Japan's neighbours are big Russia and big China, the two largest countries in the world. China in population, Russia in territory. Japan is situated so near the Asiatic Continent that with neighbours like hers it would be difficult for her to survive if, say, a thousand aeroplanes came unchallenged and unchecked over the islands. England, on the other hand, faces only comparatively small nations. Japan obviously needs a foothold on the mainland. In Manchuria Japan has a buffer and, she hopes, one who will understand the Japanese position. Japan has nothing to fear from China. But she does realize the danger from Russia, or Russia and China together."

"Then you feel that by virtue of your geographical situation, and being the only great Asiatic power, that Japan's interests in the Far East should be paramount?" I asked.

"Certainly," came the prompt reply.

"Japan envisages then that her position *vis-à-vis* China and Manchuria is not dissimilar to America's attitude in regard to Central and South America?"

A Revealing Talk with the Apostle of Nippon to the Gentiles of Geneva

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

More cautiously this time, "It looks to me that natural growth will lead to that."

Mr. Matsuoka energetically admitted that it is a fact that the Japanese nation is deeply perturbed by the future, and by uneasiness over national security. He told me that, in the last analysis, the primary and real reason for the move in Manchuria was to be secure against Russia on the one hand, and to be able to draw upon this hinterland in case of war with a great sea power. At the same time, he earnestly and insistently repeated the high ideals cherished by Japan in Manchuria's interests, and the belief that Manchuria, as the apostle of Japanese spirituality and intellectuality—"Japanism" in other words—would set a new standard for the Asiatic continent.

Mr. Matsuoka sees Japan's claim to dominance in the Far East by reason of her much earlier modernization, and the fact that she is now the leading political, military, industrial, and sea power in that hemisphere.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH: The progress of Westernization in Japan is manifest in the clothing of the Japanese woman on the left of our picture, in contrast to that of her friend on the right in her more picturesque national garb

There is a spirit stirring in the East. I did not expect to see it manifest itself from Japan so quickly following her frenzied efforts towards, and successful achievement of, modernization and mechanization within such a short period as would seem to indicate her as being in the throes of an essentially materialistic phase of her history.

Mr. Matsuoka, diplomatic speaker before the disapproving Council, followed traditional lines of national "defence," disappointing the massed newspaper reporters because he is so restrained and urbane, instead of being picturesquely dynamic, claims in all sincerity that Japan is doing Manchuria a favour by occupying the territory. He means it, too. He believes that Japan has something ineffably precious to give Manchuria. Not only Manchuria, but the whole world.

Mr. Matsuoka told me that, strangely enough, Hu Shih, Chinese philosopher and patriot, believes it too. I know Hu Shih personally. I met him in Shanghai some years ago, fervent, inspired, humanitarian, and patriotic. Mr. Matsuoka told me further that Hu Shih wrote to a Japanese friend in occupied Manchuria, telling him to continue in the principles of *Wen Tao*, the "Heavenly Way." We have it in the Lord's Prayer: "*Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*" Hu Shih, the Japanese Ambassador said, expressed himself as willing to help in this work of spiritual progress. That does not mean that Hu Shih wants the Japanese in Manchuria, for he is a good Chinese citizen. But he wants the inspiring principles of *Wen Tao* and, apparently, for the time being at any rate, the two are inseparable.

"The ideals of 'Japanism' which I have mentioned once or twice," he said, "are by no means limited to the radius of Japanese influence. It is something much wider and more comprehensive. Japan during these last decades has bought Western modernization and materialization at the cost of leisured study and cultivation of many of her traditional institutions. Or perhaps, I should say, that certain formal codes, institutions, and philosophies have had to remain in abeyance whilst the really hard—and sometimes rough—work of constructive modernization was in progress. We have absorbed much from the West, and nationalized our knowledge to the extent that we feel it is now time once again to look inwards towards our traditional ideals of culture and chivalry. Do not mistake me. I am not suggesting that Japan is going to change her attitude in any way towards the West!

"It is not that. We simply want to intensify our cultivation and appreciation of the soul of Japan, and all that it means in the way of chivalry, spirituality, and æstheticism. Not for our own benefit alone, but also for the benefit of the world.

With a gesture he continued: "Who has come forward with comfort? Who has come forward to help and inspiration? No individual has yet arisen, and no nation has achieved the leisure to lead and inspire the twentieth century world in spirituality and æsthetic culture. If Japan can help to fulfil this crying need she will be true to herself and her ideals, and a benefactor of humanity. Japan can achieve this task. She has it in her."

I asked Mr. Matsuoka whether he considered that China, that drowsy Colossus of the Far East, was on its way to modernization, and how long such a process would take.

"That is impossible to say," he replied. "First of all, China lacks cohesion. The Chinese still have not even yet what you might call national-consciousness. Then there are material obstacles, dearth of communications, roads, and railways, all of which rapidly assist modernization. There is the curse of opium-smoking, also certain social codes which are not compatible with business-like and constructive modernization. The educated Chinese, both men and women, are doing their very best to help and to improve their country. Some of my Chinese friends are just as ardent pioneers and reformers as any in Japan, America, or Europe. But their task is even more difficult, for they have the huge task of modernizing more than 450,000,000 people, mostly illiterate, without help of transport, and in these days of financial crisis."

"Japan already has the densest population per square mile of cultivatable land. How do you view the future, when say, in twenty-five years, the population will be perhaps 25,000,000 more?" I asked.

"You are thinking of the emigration problem, I suppose?" the Japanese Ambassador remarked. "Well, emigration will never solve the population problem. The room left by those who have emigrated is soon filled up again. The population problem has to be solved *inside* the country. That is why Japan must turn her serious thoughts to social problems. In fact there are indications that they are already pre-occupying the younger generation. In the meantime, we shall try to emigrate to Manchuria, where there is room for two or three millions of Japanese. But the climate in certain parts up there is very severe and Japanese emigration should be to the south, even to tropical climates. In future it is obvious that we must have room in the South Seas."

I asked Mr. Matsuoka whether he thought that a world conference to study and discuss a redistribution of population would be of any help.

"Of course. The nations should get together and discuss it."

The last four questions which I put to Mr. Matsuoka, he answered with the frankness of a man who is sure of himself and his country.

"Is it not a fact that consideration of complications in international relations has held Japan back from putting up a better case for her move in Manchuria?"

"Yes, I am afraid so."

"Is there any clash of interests between Japan and America that would justify a war between these two countries?"

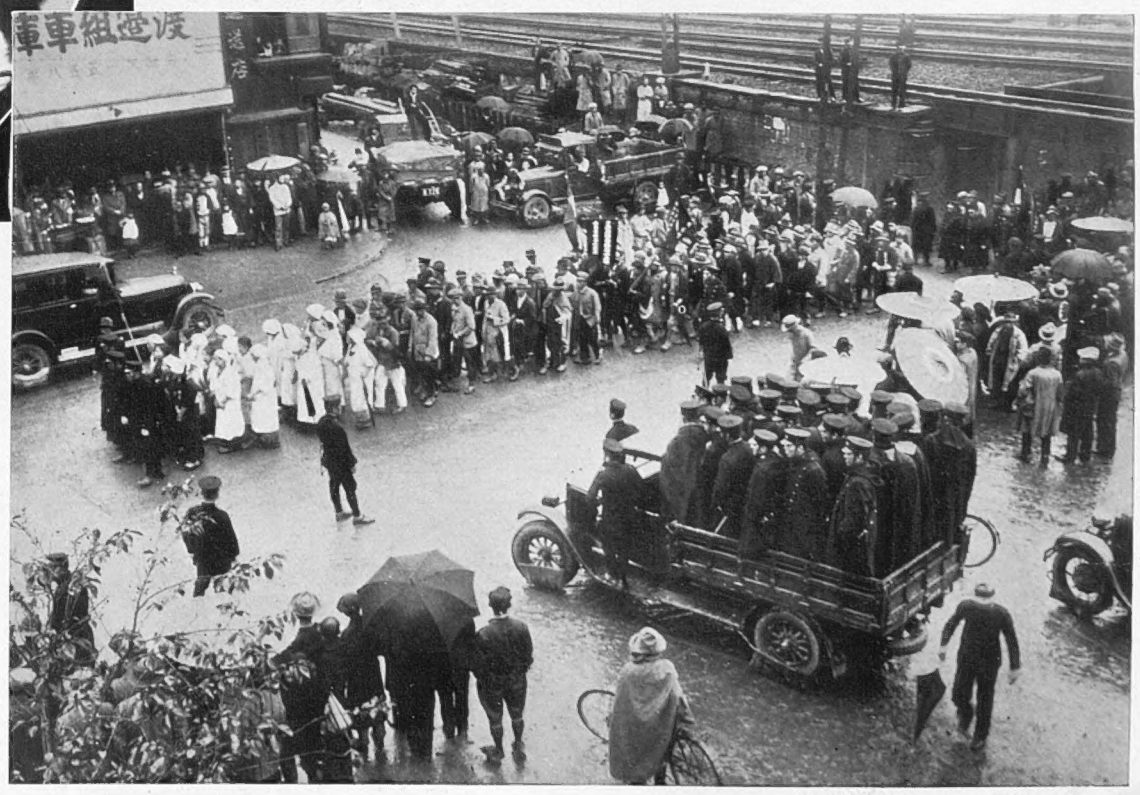
"No. In Japan we know that we should not gain anything by fighting America."

"Is it not true, however, that there is fear in each country that the other will attack?"

"Yes, there is."

"At the present moment, the League of Nations, overwhelmingly an organization of the Western world, in fact largely European, is sitting in judgment over an issue between Japan, the only Asiatic great power, and China, in population the largest country in the world. Is it not likely that this will be the last time that two great nations of Asia will allow themselves to be judged by Europe?"

"That is problematical," Mr. Matsuoka replied gravely. "Japan never hoped or expected that she and her actions in a region in which she is vitally interested, particularly in Manchuria, which is a question of life and death to her, would be judged by ANYONE. It was a great surprise to her."



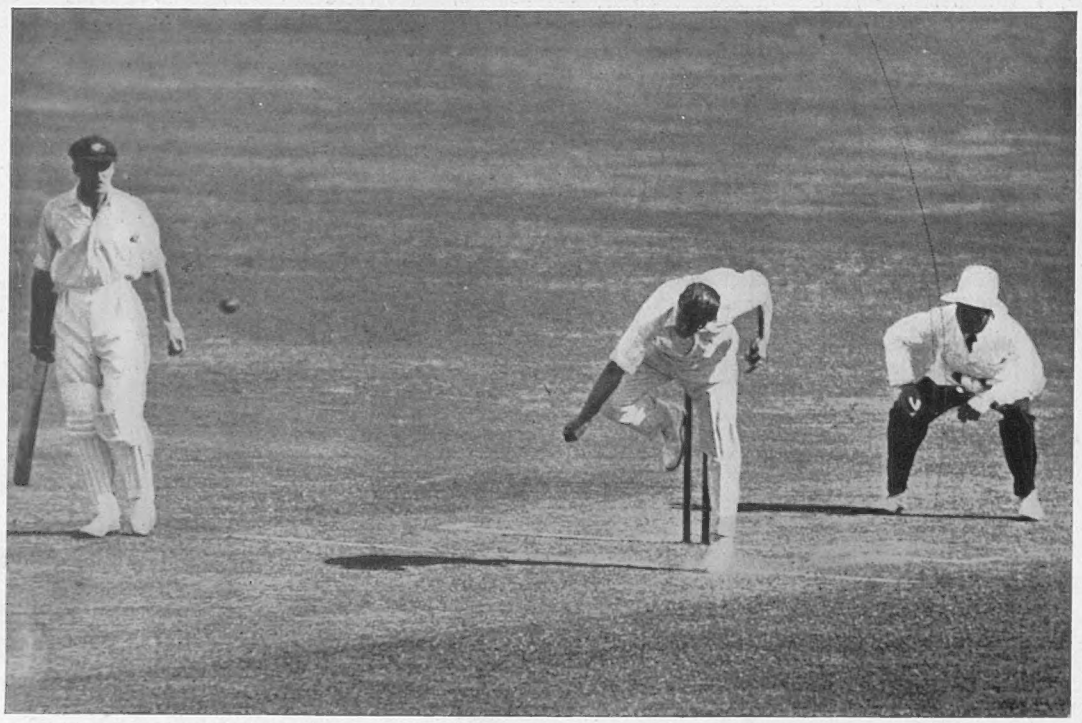
THE LAW LOOKS ON: Firm in the belief that a powerful and dominating nationalism is to be the vehicle of the fulfilment of her destiny, the Japanese authorities keep an ever watchful eye on the Communist and Labour sections of the community. In her singleness of purpose Japan believes that there is no room within her borders for theorists and cranks dissatisfied with the established code. Our illustration shows police officers following a Labour demonstration in Tokio

THE "TEST" OF SPORTSMANSHIP

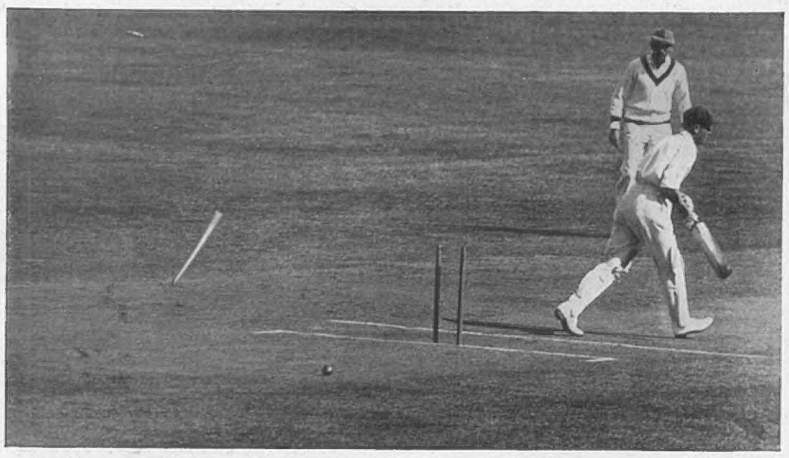
Inset—THE CAPTAIN who has commanded the support of the team, the M.C.C. and all informed opinion

TREATING LEG THEORY ON ITS MERITS: S. J. McCabe did not protest against, but played, the dreaded body-line bowling to the tune of knocking up 187 not in the first Test

Inset—THE MANAGER whose courteous inquiries were met with flagrant discourtesy



THE NOTTS EXPRESS: Harold Larwood in action. It is not only his speed, but also his superb control that makes his leg-theory bowling so devastating and dangerous—not to the body but to the wicket of the player. It has been mooted that it is his practice and not his theory which has offended Australia—his practice of getting wickets!



NO DOUBT—YOU'RE OUT! A dramatic picture of V. Y. Richardson's dismissal by G. O. Allen. A Harlequin cap is seen in the offing of the type calculated to create a crisis—though this fieldsman is not Jardine but Pataudi

A QUESTION FOR PROTEST? Woodfull . . . b. Larwood . . . 0

On left—VOCE—*ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL!* Even the wand of the magician Bradman cannot always prevail, especially against fast bowling on the leg stump

DUST—AND ASHES!

Now that her side may prove an 'also-ran,'
Australia *writes* from Perth to Ballarat.
Finding the pen not only mightier than
But safer than the bat.

And, feeling that a limit must be set,
Since England's team scores down to Number Nine,
She has resolved, on wickets dry or wet,
To draw the (body) line.

What if massed legs make cricket dry and dreary?
Spare *our* contempt and *your* supporters' shame!
Play cricket, off—or leg—or middle-theory!
Australia, play the game!

G. H. W. R.

All this fuss and bother over the fact that some of the Australian batsmen have taken an occasional biff on the leg or body from English fast bowlers is deplorable. One had almost hoped that the whole thing was going to turn out to be a gigantic "leg pull," but that solution of a ridiculous situation has been put out of court by the official—and not too diplomatically worded—protest cabled by the Australian Board of Control. The result is that the M.C.C. has been obliged—somewhat reluctantly, it is understood—to send a reply which supported Messrs. Warner, Palairet, and Jardine and offered only cancellation of the tour as redress, and put the whole matter in the right perspective.

The reply of the M.C.C. was in striking contrast to the emanation of the Australian authority. Dignity and forcefulness, replaced the blunt and ineffectual threats of the cable of protest. Screaming headlines announced that Australia was "staggered" at the reply, although a leading newspaper of Melbourne recognized that the "snub" was, perhaps, not altogether undeserved; the journal saves its (Australian) face, however, by deploring the fact that the protest, however clumsy in wording, was not received with more "understanding" in England.

It is to be hoped that the governing body in Australia (which has already created bad feeling with regard to Bradman) will set its face resolutely against protests more suited to the excavatory wit of the Hill than to a committee in their position.

Luckily this controversy won't make a penn'orth of difference to real cricket, meaning by that, of course, the cricket that is played on thousands of level, or more or less level, fields, commons, and village greens all over England every Saturday and Bank Holiday throughout the summer. We shall continue to take the knocks as they come, and to think ourselves lucky not to be given out l.b.w. into the bargain. We shall bang away at the leg theory stuff, if it comes, and we may very likely get caught somewhere on the leg side, but equally likely we shall get a few square-leg boundaries in the meanwhile, than which there are few more satisfying achievements.

In our cricket, of course, we don't find that significant couple of lines at the end of the newspaper report of the match, "—— people were present. and the takings for the day exceeded £——." Therein, perhaps, lies the real difference, apart from the obvious difference in the quality of the batting and bowling, between cricket and Test Matches.

If only this wretched business had not cropped up to spoil the picture, the present series looked like turning out a jolly, human sort of affair. All sorts of unexpected things were happening, just as they do, and always will do, in real cricket. Both Bradman and Sutcliffe have failed, more than once; Hammond has been bowled by an ordinary full toss, and both sides have been put out for scores that are much more suggestive of ordinary cricket on ordinary grounds than of the spectacular figures which we were beginning to take for granted in these Endurance Tests on Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney, and such-like wickets.

Good cricket, even from the spectators' point of view, does not merely, or chiefly, consist of piling up big scores with unlimited time at disposal. Most of us have a sneaking sympathy for the bowler, and it is always more exciting to see a man get out than bat unenterprisingly. And many of us would sympathize mildly with the Australians' objection to leg-theory tactics if the ground for objection were that this type of bowling cramps the batsman's style, reduces his scoring opportunities, and makes Test-match cricket more dull. We should certainly sympathize if it could be seriously contended that Larwood's bowling—or anybody else's—was definitely dangerous and intended to be dangerous. The facts are that Oldfield's injury arose from a bad shot to a straight ball, and that Woodfull's blow was taken during a spell when "leg theory" was not being employed.

Can it be true that the real ground on which the Australians are protesting against the bowling of Larwood and Voce is that both of them are getting batsmen—Australian batsmen—out too quickly? This is an English fast bowler's job; that is the only reason why they are included in our side, and the sooner this is realized and the sooner common sense again prevails in the Australian Board of Control, the better for all concerned.

Cricket may be a "nasty rough game," but let's go on playing it without sob-stuff.

Peejay

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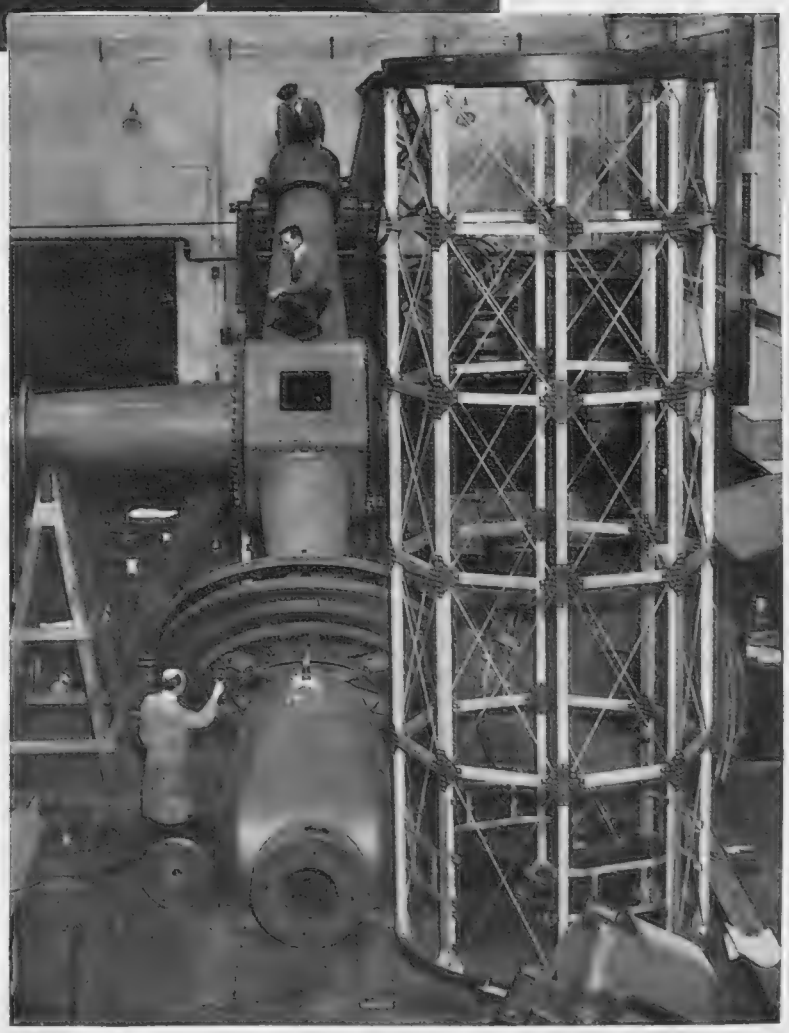
LAUNCHING LIGHTERS 60 MILES FROM THE SEA: Three giant lighters, destined for use at Hull, were launched in a 40-ft. wide canal at Dunston's shipyard, Thorne, Yorks—60 miles from the port—a few days ago. Two are seen already in the water; the third about to take it

MECHANICS of TO-DAY

THE BARGE THAT DROVE THROUGH LONDON: The 53-ft., 40-ton steel hull whose nocturnal voyage by road from Greenwich to Feltham proved a problem in transport. The hulk, which is designed to carry 100 tons of gravel, is here seen raised by a travelling crane. The barge is propeller-driven with a Petter engine

THE WAR ON LONDON'S NOISE: Scientists have perfected remarkable instruments capable of recording and dissecting various noises. Sleuths of sound—or acoustic engineers—are now measuring the noises of London's principal thoroughfares. The unit used is the *decibel*. Fleet Street scaled up to 83 decibels; Lombard Street reasonably quiet with 63. Trafalgar Square, surprisingly enough, was also quite moderate. A real lion (at 18 ft.) roars at 85 decibels. Ludgate Circus is the noisiest spot in London. The purpose of the investigation is to assist architects in designing houses suitable to their proposed sites. The survey is conducted from a motor car containing a microphone and two portable instruments, one of which is equipped with a recording needle. High notes have been found to be more irritating than mere bass rumbling



THE LARGEST TELESCOPE BUILT IN THE EMPIRE and the second largest in the world is nearing completion at the Heaton Optical Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is destined for Toronto, while another from the same firm is to be installed at Greenwich

THE UNDEFEA

Nanga Parbat Defies the German-American

THE DWELLING IN THE ETERNAL SNOWS: Camp 4 near Ganalo C the attack proper on Nanga Parbat was made, the climbers begin ni Crest of the peak. From this base the W

The German-American Expedition, led by W. Merkl, had as its objective the conquest of the giant of the Western Himalaya, Nanga Parbat (nearly 27,000 ft.). Having, by careful preparation, reached an altitude of nearly 24,000 ft. and established a camp from which to attack the summit, the climbers were robbed of success in a night. Sickness and other misfortunes dogged the expedition, and at last forty porters' equipment was stolen, leaving only sufficient equipment for seven men for the final effort. When at the end of August the big advance was to have been made, all the porters suffered from mountain sickness. The powdering snow had then reached a depth of 4 ft. and in the circumstances the attack was impossible. In Merkl's opinion, Everest will be easier to conquer than Nanga Parbat, which, since Mummery's tragic death on its slope, has been known by the natives as the "Mountain of Terror." The expedition achieved two minor successes in the conquest of Chongra Peak and Raja Peak, and the results on Nanga Parbat were obtained without loss of life, which in itself is a record in the Himalaya

INTO THE ULTIMATE ICE: A rope descent into a glacier crevasse 120 ft. deep. This operation was rendered the more difficult by heavy falls of snow, the mountain's most powerful weapon, preventing the attacking party from gaining an adequate foothold

A PEAK FROM 23,300 FEET: The East Crest of Nanga Parbat (26,620 ft.) seen from the slightly lower slopes; at this point the party was 3,300 ft. from its objective and 700 ft. from the point where the attack was finally relinquished

The giants of the Himalaya and Karakorum—the thirteen peaks over 28,000 ft.—are still unconquered. The latest effort by the German-American 1932 Nanga Parbat Expedition, after initial successes, was also repulsed, like its predecessors, by the demons of the upper snows.

At the end of May, 1932, the expedition set out from the delightful capital of Kashmir with 110 horses towards Astore and the frontier of Chinese Turkestan. The 12,000 ft. Burzil pass was still under deep snow, and was already negotiated when a telegram arrived from the road officer saying the route was impassable!

In Godai, a little before reaching Astore, I had my first view of Nanga Parbat. The picture was impressive. With flanks so steep that the sight of them alone almost robbed me of breath, the south wall of the giant rises nearly 16,000 ft., the greatest mountain wall in the world. The immaculate white peaks rake aloft into the blue sky; and from the south, the bold, sheer face offers no possibility of progress this way. But there was still the north side which offered hope.

In Astore, Captain Frier, sent by the British Political Agent in Gilgil to support the expedition, joined us. This was a happy gesture, for Captain Frier's knowledge and ability and his experience of coolies were of immense service. His amiability and comradeship went far beyond what could have been expected.

Horse transport is impossible beyond Doian, nearly 200 miles beyond Srinagar, and the rest of the journey was accomplished with 200 coolies. It would have been easy had we followed the Indus through the Rakiot Valley to the foot of the north wall of Nanga Parbat, but the Kashmiri Government forbade passage through the Chilas area and the expedition therefore had to cross the 13,000 ft. high Himalaya range. From Lichar over Buldar Valley, Rakiot Valley was reached, where we pitched the finest camp of the march, in grandiose surroundings enclosed in a fence of primitive highland forest, pierced by the ice-armoured north flank of Nanga Parbat and its mighty companions, the Ganalo, Rakiot, and Chongra Peaks. We had been four weeks on the way from

THE BASE CAMP: Messrs. Herron and Wiessner with Captain Frier in the shadow of the Himalaya

TED HIMALAYA

Expedition—with Notes by its Leader, W. MERKL

Crest at 18,200 ft. in the ice breach of the Rakiot glacier. From this point ning their effort to reach the connecting ridge between Rakiot and the East Westerly Chongra Peak of 22,500 ft. was mastered

"SILENT UPON A PEAK": A jump over a glacier crevasse just below Camp 5. This point formed the most strenuous part of the battle against the three peaks

A WILDERNESS OF ICE AND SNOW: A vista of Nanga Parbat *en route* to Camp 2 at an altitude of some 16,000 ft. This part of the journey was rendered more difficult by an attack of hysteria among the coolies. Only an increase in wages persuaded them to resume the climb

Srinagar until we pitched the base camp in Rakiot Valley at an altitude of nearly 11,000 ft.

A few days later, on June 29, we pushed up to approaching 12,000 ft. It was impossible to get higher with the kit over the glaciers. In the last stretch, forty porters' equipments were stolen—a hard blow for the expedition. The attack, as originally planned, was thereby upset, for the substitute equipment from Srinagar came too late, and the transport to the higher camp had to be done with only nine porters.

The real attack on the peak began on June 30. Camp 1 was made at about 15,200 ft., and in the night it was pretty well wiped out by an avalanche. The tents crumpled, the bamboo poles cracked like match-sticks. The coolies became so hysterical that we could scarcely prevent them scampering off down the mountain side. They had to be sent back to the base camp next day, and could only be induced to take any further part in the climb by an increase of wages. Slowly, and with great efforts, the expedition struggled up; Camps 2, 3, and 4 were laid according to plan, the last at 18,200 ft., in the ice breach of the Rakiot glacier.

From Camp 4 the attack proper on the mountain was commenced in the effort to reach the connecting ridge between Rakiot and the East Crest of Nanga Parbat. Here began the strenuous and bitter battle of the following three peaks. In this period the Westerly Chongra Peak (22,500 ft.) was mastered—though this victory did not open the way to Nanga Parbat's crest. At last, on July 29, the peak ridge was captured, and Camp 7 established at well over 23,000 ft. From here the view revealed the 16,500 ft. south wall in a perpendicular dive. Given five or six fine days it should have been possible to proceed over the broad ridge of the East peak, and from there proceed over the flat plateau to reach the summit.

But the mountain defended itself with its most powerful weapon. Snowstorms commenced and lasted twenty days. In order to save the stores, retreat was made to Camp 4. The coolies broke down. Only a few had proceeded beyond Camp 4 and only one reached Camp 6 in healthy condition. The ranks of the attackers were further thinned by frostbite, mountain sickness, and appendicitis. Three of the party were recalled home, as their vacation term was up; and after they had parted, unwillingly enough, from their comrades, preparation was made at the end of August for a last fight against Nanga Parbat.

However, the mountain mustered all its forces against the depleted band. Snow fell again in exceptional quantities, and it was only with the hardest struggle that Camp 4 was attained once more, and to carry on from here seemed impossible. The new snow—ice-cold powder snow—lay 4 ft. deep. We could not even evacuate the materials in the higher camps. Yet before retiring heavy hearted, and in deep depression, we took a farewell look over the wild Indus basin from an altitude of 20,000 ft., over the multitude of peaks to the Hindu Kush and the immeasurable range of snow-clad giants.

W. Merkl.

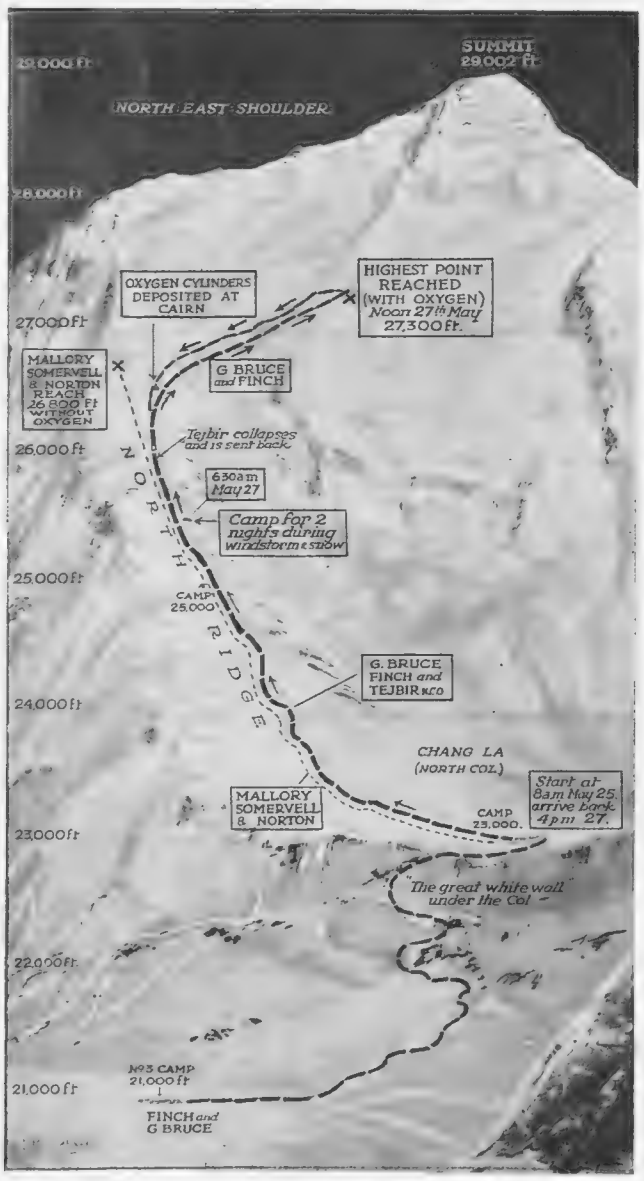
ATTACKING EVEREST

FROM THE LAST CAMP: An artist visualizes the final attack on Mount Everest in a land attempt on the summit. The men are carrying the respiratory cylinders without which it may prove impossible to achieve the final 1,000 ft.

LIFE FOR THE AVIATOR: Our illustration shows two of the 750-litre compressed air cylinders which are to be used in both the land and air attempt on the mountain. These cylinders, made of special alloy steel recently perfected by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd., are so constructed that danger of explosion is prevented

MR. HUGH RUTTLEDGE, who will lead the land attempt on the mountain, taken while he was planning the expedition in London

AIRCRAFT FOR EVEREST: An example of the Westland employed by the Houston Expedition in their air attempt Houston Expedition pilots will fly in open cockpits.



THE LAST ATTEMPT: Our diagram shows the highest point reached with oxygen on May 27, 1924. Mr. Mallory and Mr. Irvine proceeded from 27,300 ft. They were last seen making their way to the north-east shoulder—never to return

The year's most spectacular exploration feat: the conquest of Everest. Fourteen picked climbers, equipped with oxygen masks and every possible help that explorers of the heights may need, left London last week for this great adventure. They are determined that at all costs this fourth assault upon the icy slopes of the highest mountain in the world must be successful.

I have sat and looked at Everest with a cup of tea in my hands. This was from the comfortable verandah of a hotel at Darjeeling in the Himalayas. It looked grim enough even from this distance, a jagged white peak jutting into the sky, and most often curtained by mist. It will be a more grim and terrifying mountain when seen from the thick forests that lead to it by the men now bound for India.

Not long ago I met the leader of this great expedition, Mr. Hugh Ruttledge. He was completing his plans in a little room on the top floor of the Royal Geographical Society at Kensington. That little room is one of adventure. In it the late Mr. Gino Watkins prepared plans for the crossing of the Antarctic by dog sledge.

"A good many people seem to think that all we have to do is merely to walk up Everest," said Mr. Ruttledge, "and that there is nothing to stop us but cold wind and altitude."

Actually, it will be the severest physical and mental task which the human frame can undertake. The last 1,000 ft. will be the real test. They are guarded by the white devils of wind and snow which have already hurled many brave men to their death. Only the fittest and finest of climbers will be selected for that final assault.

Those fourteen men, therefore, are among the finest that could be picked. Mr. Hugh Ruttledge himself, the leader, is forty-eight years of age, and has spent much of his time in India. During the past ten years he was Deputy Commissioner of the district of Almora in the Himalayas, and his knowledge of Tibetans in particular and the terrain eminently fit him for the command of the expedition.

Accompanying him is Mr. F. S. Smythe, whose adventures on Kanchanjanga and successful conquest of Mount Kamet a year or two ago are well known. He writes as brilliantly as he climbs.

Captain Noel Odell, geologist, who stood and watched Mallory and Irvine set out on that last and fatal attempt on Everest in 1924, is also in this expedition. Mr. E. O. Shabbeare, also a veteran of the 1924 expedition, is included among the favoured fourteen.

Other men who are by no means strangers to Himalayan slopes are Mr. C. G. Crawford of the 1922 Everest Expedition, Mr. E. E. Shipton of the Mount Kamet Expedition, and Captain E. St. J. Birnie, whose expert knowledge of Himalayan dialects and the people make him an

by LAND and AIR

THE NEW EQUIPMENT: This latest attempt to reach the summit of Everest has all the help of science to assist the climbers in attaining their objective. This picture shows one of the special scientifically produced suits designed at a London factory, to make breathing possible for climbers at extreme altitudes

THE AIR ATTEMPT: An artist's impression of a flying machine approaching the summit of Mount Everest across the long north-eastern slope

Wallace high performance general purpose biplane, which will be on the mountain. Unlike Admiral Byrd's successful polar flight, the these 'planes are similar to those in general use in the Royal Air Force

invaluable transport officer. There is also Dr. Raymond C. Greene, who was the medical officer to the Kamet Expedition.

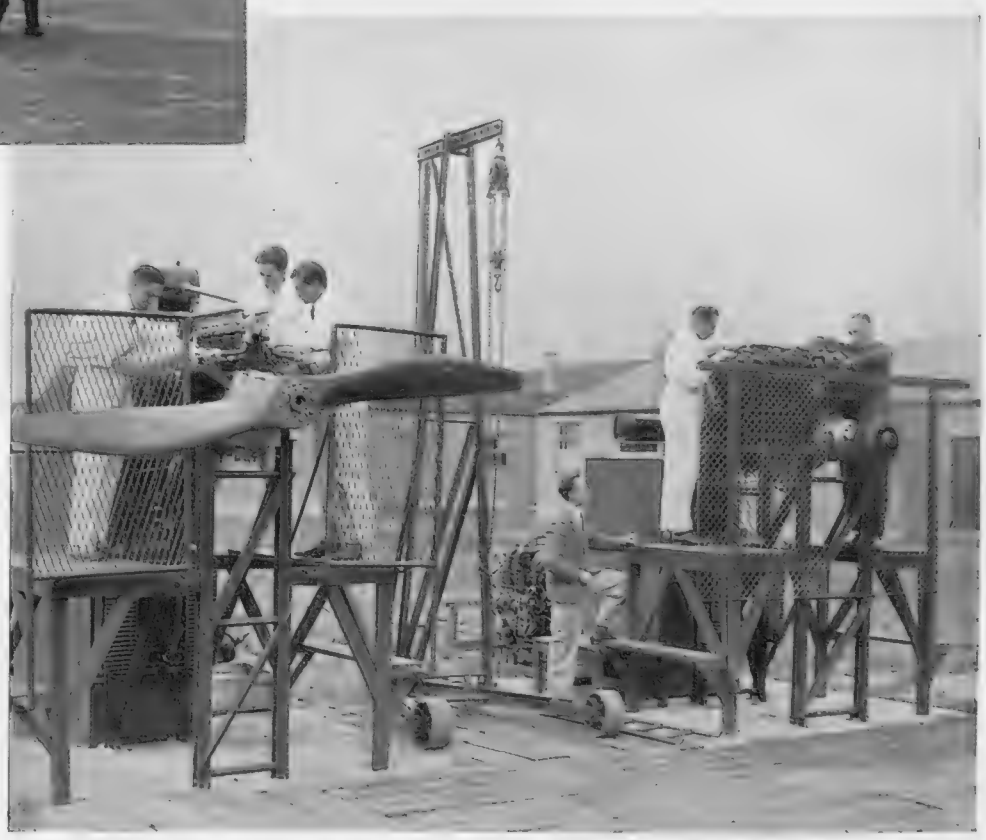
The newcomers to Everest should acquit themselves well, for among them are several noted climbers. There is Mr. T. A. Brocklebank, an Alpine climber of some achievement, who has also achieved fame as the stroke of the victorious Cambridge eight for three years in succession. There is Mr. Wynn Harris, also a scrambler among the Alps, with a fine ascent of Mount Kenya to his credit. The north of England is well represented by Mr. J. Longland, who for years has made Keswick and the surrounding Cumberland mountains his playground.

Another active member of the Alpine Club, Dr. W. W. McLean, has been included, as well as Mr. L. R. Wager, whose work with the British Arctic Air Route Expedition received the recognition of the Polar Medal. Finally, there is Major Bonstead, a climber whose work has kept him in the Sudan, where he held a command in the Sudan Camel Corps.

A great deal, too, will depend upon those Tibetan porters, men who are brave enough to attempt heights which they believe are guarded by angry white devils. They suffer the agonies of cold, of heavy burdens, and of breath-taking altitudes uncomplainingly. They traverse the icy crevasses with their burdens, hear the crack and roar of avalanches, and huddle at night in their little tents, while the blizzard whines and screams beyond the stretch of canvas. And, as has happened more than once, they die, caught by the White Devils of Everest whose wrath they have braved. Much depends upon the humble Tibetan porters.

Once again, as on previous expeditions, there has been much talk of oxygen. Mr. Ruttledge has guardedly said that oxygen would be used if it seemed necessary and effective. The last

(Continued on p. 134)



ENGINE TESTS: The College of Aeronautical Engineering test beds at Brooklands Aerodrome, showing Napier Lion and Rolls-Royce engines on test. Testing engines for the Everest flight will be particularly complicated in that the mechanics have no real data regarding flying conditions at the summit of the mountain upon which to base their calculations

BRITAIN'S VICTIM IN THE RECENT HOLOCAUST OF SHIPPING: The *Bermuda* which, having caught fire in Bermuda eighteen months ago, was reduced by flames to a blackened hulk fitted with twisted steel after the conflagration in Belfast Harbour

FLAMING MYSTERY AT SEA

The Secret Causes of the Recent Holocausts Discussed—with the Gloves off

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Eighty and ninety years ago marked a critical time at sea; the reason, fire. Metal hulls and shells had not yet come in, but steam had, and engines were being fitted in wooden surroundings, and these early engines would get hot, their bearings overheat, and resultant fire, did it eventuate, would leap along the wooden ships of those days with awful consequences. Shipwrights had reached a semi-stage only; engines in wood were no go. Yet at least there was no mystery about things. If it wasn't overheated bearings, then it was an act of God with a lamp or some other negligence below deck. The three classic fires at sea of nineteenth century timber steamers were all well and truly traced to their respective sources: the *Kent*, the *Amazon*, the *Cospatrick*. The first, an East Indiaman of 1,350 tons, sailed on her maiden voyage in 1825 with a complement of 650, nearly all soldiers, with their 100 odd women and children. The *Kent* was somewhere off Spain, ten days later, when a gale hit her and a large spirit cask rolled from position below. An officer went to investigate lamp in hand; that flame came in contact with upset spirit, and in a few seconds the hold was ablaze. Because the vessel carried so much in her magazine the captain flooded her—inspired thought!—for it gave time, the boats being smashed or burnt, for the bulk on board to be slipped for hours down a line; from the stern, into craft waiting below. After which the *Kent* blew up.

The *Amazon* sailed, also on her maiden voyage, in 1852—the same day as the *Birkenhead*. The *Amazon* was a right royal creature for the West Indies—2,250 tons, 300 ft. long, and with engines of 80 horse power! They were to spell her swift destruction. Several times during her thirty-six hours of life the *Amazon* was stopped to allow bearings to cool off. Passengers, smelling things, begged the captain to put back. In a high sea, with the engines chugging and heating, the inevitable occurred: fire sprang from the engine-room and the timber all around blazed in the wind. The vessel was manœuvred before the wind, to lessen the flame spread, but the engines had not been stopped, and throughout the night the *Amazon* scudded forward—gale plus engines—at the great speed of 13 knots, making it impossible to launch even the one or two boats which remained free of the furnace. There never can have been such a nightmare night at sea as that: picture the blazing mass tearing through the Bay at full wind and engine power and those on board helpless to raise a hand. The *Amazon* also blew up, though not before some sixty, including one woman, of the 161 on board had managed to get away.

Then the *Cospatrick*, sailing in 1874 with 500 crew and emigrants for New Zealand, a small vessel of 1,200 tonnage. She caught fire off the Cape through a bosun's locker carelessness, and everything went wrong with the boats, two of which only got free, with some forty in each. One was never heard of again. Over what happened in the other a veil is best drawn. Suffice that three men came through after they had been cannibals for a week, drinking blood in their waterless dementia.

The point to be made is that, dreadful as were the results of carrying powder, of engines amid wood, of fire-buckets, of hopeless boat chances, no mystery attended this critical time at sea. Things were gradually put right, so much so that it was not until 1913 that fire again assailed a passenger steamer with great loss of life—the *Volturno*. It now looks as if fire had come back to the sea, this time with mystery attaching, though how far that mystery extends will be a matter of opinion.

In the last two or three years the following serious fires have occurred:

Paris (F)	*Ile-de-France* (F)
Europa (G)	*Bermuda* (B)
Paul Lécat (F) *Asia* (F)	*München* (G)
City of Honolulu (A)	*Georges Philippar* (F)
Pieter C. Hooft (D)	*Atlantique* (F)

(F=French, G=German, A=American, D=Dutch, B=British)

Lesser outbreaks have occurred in the French liners *André Lebon*, *Azay-le-Rideau*, *Fontainebleau*, and *France*. All ships mentioned have been passenger vessels; the majority, new liners of high tonnage. Seven were destroyed. The only world fleet absent is the Italian which, however, latterly failed to get its mammoth *Rex* and *Conte di Savoia* to New York and back on their maiden voyages without grave trouble, the cause of which was given as electrical. It further requires to be said that of the above casualties, costing £7,000,000, chiefly to Lloyds, only three mercifully took place at sea—the *Philippar*, *Asia*, and *Atlantique*, all French. All the others were in port. The new *Bermuda* was afire twice within a short period. It took twenty-four hours for 1,200 firemen to put out the *Europa* conflagration at Hamburg.

What is wrong?

Not only because the drama of the *Atlantique* is fresh in our minds, but because this fire business has clearly hit the French three times harder than anybody else, is one prompted to reply by setting down the several "explanations" currently being put forward in France. These are no less than seven or eight in number:

(*a*) *Communism.*—Upholders of this facile explanation point, among other things, to the great mercantile marine effort which the Soviet intends to incorporate in its second Five Year Plan. The more the capitalistic fleet is reduced, the better chance will the new Soviet marine have.

(*b*) *War-weakening.*—A lineal descendant of (*a*). It is averred that many of the newer liners are being built with an eye to troop and munition carrying. The *Philippar* was suspect of bearing munitions destined for the "Imperialist" war Japan is waging. In sum, the "Wait-for-the-World-Revolution" anti-war proponent is here indicated as at work.

(*c*) *Competitive Malfeasance.*—This is dear to the suspicious French heart, the rather dreadful notion that other countries—in the event, *one* other country—is paying criminal hands to burn the latest French liners in order to win over custom in the resultant gap. Competition at sea is certainly terrific. But . . . this?

(*d*) *Fatality.*—This is the played-out view officialdom tries to put forward; everything has been accidental, pure acts of a suddenly very active providence. Most probably a discarded cigarette end!

(*e*) *Baratry.* — Can this be the English for "baraterie"? I hope so, because this is the Communist "explanation." The *Humanité* asks who would benefit by these progressive destructions? The proletariat, with already 700,000 mercantile and port unemployed? May it not be that certain interested parties are "pushing competition to the point of crime"? One rather gathers the general notion in the brains putting forward this theory to be that the interested parties seeing that ships will not pay owing to overbuilding, are out after the insurance money. Cutting their losses.

(*f*) *Idle Shipyards.*—This is an "explanation" of hue akin to (*e*). If you build wonderful new luxury vessels with State assistance, and see no more orders coming for years *and* years, may there be temptation to destroy in order to create such orders? Very sinister!

(*g*) *Unemployment.*—Ports are filled with the workless. Yet if you burn, does that provide work? Perhaps not, but the urge—amid misery—against these flamboyant vessels may be great.

(*h*) *Electrical and General Luxury Faultiness.*—It has been shown that too many of these newer ships have been built rather as Deauville casinos than as *ships*. Why must one sleep in a Louis XIV setting on water when you don't on land? Everything is sacrificed to appearance and to a (in reality) shoddy, superficial luxury. Scratch below the highly varnished and inflammable surface and you find typical State-aided, cheap and nasty stuff. The *Atlantique* boasted a "street" running clean down the centre. That Rue de la Paix acted as a wind conductor. In all this treated wooden setting, and curtaining, and the like, is dumped down a colossal electrical system—800 kilometres of wire in the *Atlantique*—enough to light a city of 150,000 inhabitants—and the wire is secreted away behind "boiseries de grand goût." What with the engines, and the tropics, and inevitable friction due to vibration, and faulty insulation or fuses blowing, this wiring one day overheats all along the line and that is what explains the most dire happening of all—the almost simultaneous bursting of various parts of the upper structure into flames, giving no chance to bring the hundred and one up-to-the-minute fire-fighting appliances and gases into play. The *Atlantique* caught fire twice within an hour on different decks.

What an age, what an age! Captain Symons of the *Amazon* only had overheated bearings to fear, or an act of God. Modern captains have—apparently—to fear a devilish half-dozen possible causations of fire aboard, not excluding over-production and International politics.

I have been struck by a paragraph in David Scott's *The Egypt's Gold*. He is contemplating the *Atlantique* and the *Philippar* side by side:

A great square 40,000-ton box of a ship, straight-backed, wall-sided, and too high for her length, with towering promenade decks and superstructure that ran right aft, overloading her stern and looking as though they had been designed by hotel-keepers . . . . on the other side of the *Artiglio* was the second liner, smaller and even uglier than the *Atlantique* . . . . the *Georges Philippar* caught fire in several places at once when running at night with all her electric lights on in tropical heat after being lined with inflammable trimmings daubed with cellulose paint in obedience to the hotel complex. We who had seen her smiled at the stories of Communist sabotage in the French papers.

Yes, but what of the *Europa* in Hamburg port; what of the *Bermuda* and her bootlegger enemies; what of the *Paris*, the *Ile-de-France*, the *Lécat*, the *Pieter Hooft*, and others, all in port, silent,

(Continued on a later page)

WITH THE MODERN STEAMER OUTLINE: The *Conte di Savoia* after her maiden trip to New York Italy's is the only first-class mercantile marine to have escaped the recent epidemic of conflagrations, but this pride of her civil fleet had a mishap 600 miles from New York which caused her to be eight hours overdue

A WORLD SURVEY

ITALY'S JUDICIAL YEAR: In the presence of Mussolini, Senatore Marimao D'Amelio, the first President of the Court of Cassation in Rome, is seen announcing the opening of a new judicial year

THE INCURABLE ROMANTICIST: Mr. Richard Martin, who for five years has occupied a bench in Central Park, whence he can look at the apartment of Mrs. Joseph Leckie, with whom he has fallen in love

THE EMPEROR'S EMISSARY: General Nobuyoshi Muto, Japanese Ambassador to the new State of Manchukuo, presents his letters of credence from the Japanese Emperor to the Chief Executive, Pu Yi. In the centre (seated) is Mr. Hsu Pao-Ling, who presented the Manchukuo officials to the Japanese Ambassador

AFTER BATTLE: Soldiers of the 2nd Regiment of the French Foreign Legion announcing the hoisting of the Tricolor on the Tazigzaout mountain, which clinched for the French flag the High Atlas territory and ended the Legion's successful 1932 campaign

IN THE LAND OF THE MOOR: A view of Goumiers, the first town captured in the High Atlas territory during the French Foreign Legion's 1932 campaign. An article describing the architecture of *kasbahs*—fortresses in the Atlas—appears on p. 128

AFGHANISTAN'S SOLDIER PRINCE: His Royal Highness Prince Mohamad Zahir Khan, only son of King Mohamad Nadir Shah Ghazi of Afghanistan, with his machine-gun section during manœuvres at Kabul. Afghanistan, although rejecting Westernization in many directions, has not been slow to appreciate Occidental methods of warfare—a perilous, but ever eagerly, received gift

WHERE THE GREAT WALL ENDS AT

Shan-hai-kwan and its Vicinity Pictured

AT THE END OF THE GREAT WALL: A street scene in a fishing village at the end of the 1,500 miles of one of the modern wonders of the world. The architecture shows marked traces of Occidental influence. The vendors of fish sit on patiently awaiting tardy customers until their wares in the hot noonday advertise themselves

TAKING EVERYTHING IN ITS STRIDE: The Great Wall is driven like a Roman road, directly where it was designed to go, and turns aside not even for such a rocky outcrop as that seen above

THE PENTAGONAL ARCH at the pass-gate of the Nankou Pass. The arch is highly ornamented. Beneath it pass all manner of transport from military lorries to the panniered beast of burden of the type seen above

The Sino-Japanese dispute over the vexed question of Manchukuo has centred of late round Shan-hai-kwan, where the Great Wall runs down to the sea. The Japanese regard this port as the logical outlet of the new State upon the main, while the pro-Chinese regard it as a portion of China proper. In well-informed circles the activities of Japan are ascribed to a desire to define the vague southern border of the State, which owes its very existence to Nippon, rather than to encroach on the territory of the neighbouring country and still further to alienate the sympathies of Europe. The policy of Japan is to visit the most rigorous military action upon any locality in which a pretext for such is given

THE SEA

A COMMERCIAL AND STRATEGIC KEY: The railway running from Peking to Kalgan is one of the vital links in the Sino-Manchurian area. The section shown above, with the typically grotesque locomotive in the foreground, is that at Ching-lung-Tchou. All the pictures on this page show the district of the Great Wall, bounding China proper on the north and Manchuria on the south. This area was covered in a recent issue of "The Sphere" in which a pictorial review of Sven Hedin's *Jehol* appeared

INSPECTION: General Ho Chu Kwoh, the commander of some northern Chinese troops, inspects infantry on the Sino-Manchurian border at Shan-hai-kwan. The uniform worn includes fur helmets, which are more than necessary in the bitter weather of the northern stretches of Chinese territory. The latest news from the seat of trouble indicates a lull in official hostilities although the menace of overt war still shadows life in Manchukuo

THE WORLD'S BEST BUS SERVICE

The Finance and Figures of the L.G.O.C.

By CHARLES GRAVES

O. Henry once wrote a short story called *The Voice of the City*. Every city, and particularly every capital, has its distinguishing feature. Frenchmen who return to Paris must surely notice first the screaming taxicabs. Nostalgic Germans away from Berlin must think in terms of lime trees. Homesick Athenians will torture themselves with thoughts of bootblacks and straw hats and marble. Absent minarets will make the Constantinopolitan's heart grow fonder. As to London—well, each time I return from abroad, like thousands of others I notice first the red omnibuses of the L.G.O.C. Whether one arrives at Victoria, where 240 pass through every hour, or at Waterloo, where they go chugging off into the East End, it is the apparently lumbering omnibuses which make you realize that you are home again—long before you notice the inevitable and always-mentioned policeman.

There is one observant Colonial I know who dates his spasmodic visits to England by the type of omnibus which was in vogue during his stay. When he came home in 1914 to join up it was the B type omnibus (Old Bill's official designation is B.43). In 1919 it was the K. In 1923 it was the N.S. Two years later he was startled to see the first covered omnibus. In 1927 came the London Six with pneumatic tyres. Last week he had a red-letter day when he found one of the new omnibuses on the 8A route at the Marble Arch. There are only fourteen of them on the road so far, and they are appearing at the rate of three a week. Their distinguishing feature is that they have the bodywork of a six-wheeler on a four-wheeler chassis and yet hold sixty passengers, which is eleven more than their predecessors. The fact that they have only four wheels means that a complete axle is saved and that the whole omnibus is much lighter, and when you delve into the finances, statistics, and expenses of the L.G.O.C. you will realize that every farthing saved is of supreme importance.

Four months ago petrol went up 3d. a gallon. That cost the L.G.O.C. an extra £300,000 a year—in other words, £100,000 per 1d. The other day the operating manager divulged a startling statistic. He said that the loss of one passenger per day on the part of a driver, and one uncollected fare per day on the part of a conductor (there are 20,000 drivers and conductors in the L.G.O.C.) amounts to an annual loss of £55,000, even if the fare is the minimum one of 1d. Having heard that, I asked the L.G.O.C. whether they had any statistics to show how much they lost by passengers pulling the cord and causing the omnibus to stop between recognized halting places and then hauling the dead-weight from a standing position to running speed again. But I was told that it was impossible to work this out.

All the same I acquired a number of interesting figures. One — never previously published—is that the average running cost of an omnibus per day is £44 and the average takings per day are £70 (think of the pennies that involves). But this does not allow for depreciation or any of the other overhead charges with which the vehicle must be saddled. The pay of a bus driver is 89s. 6d. a week, which is 7s. more than that of a conductor. But while conductors often become drivers, the drivers seldom care to become conductors. The job is such a strain on the feet and the temper. Naturally there is nerve strain in being a driver, and yet last year there were only eighty fatal accidents, despite the 187,000,000 miles covered by the L.G.O.C. omnibuses, and in every single case the omnibus driver was exonerated from all blame. In a large majority of cases the accidents were caused by cyclists who either cut in on a greasy road or skidded on tram lines. So the L.G.O.C. have written to the National Cyclists' Union and other similar bodies asking them to look into the matter.

At the moment the omnibuses of London are a matter of acute topical interest. When Parliament meets at the beginning of February it is confidently expected that one of the first matters to be considered will be the report and third reading of the London Passenger Transport Bill. This, if and when passed, will involve the amalgamation of all the passenger transport undertakings in London under a body to be known as the L.P.T. Board. The number of L.G.O.C. omnibuses has been stabilized at 4,500, while the non-combine omnibuses now amount to 150, operated by a handful of companies—the most important lines being the Premier, Westminster, Cleveland, and Enterprise. In the past, beginning with the gallant old Chocolate omnibus, there have been 650 "Pirate" omnibuses operated by about half that number of companies. The Pirates naturally chose the more lucrative routes like 11 and 29.

It must be remembered that 20 per cent. of the omnibus routes of the L.G.O.C. are said to show no profit, but must be run in the interests of the public. Which reminds me of an interesting statistic. There are still twenty-seven open-top omnibuses left in London. Nineteen of them are on Route 4A and the remainder on Route 43. They still survive either because there are low bridges to be negotiated *en route*, or because they are housed in a low-roofed garage. Another point on which you can win a bet as to your dinner companion's general knowledge is the day on which the last "General" horse omnibus made its final appearance in the streets of London. It was between London Bridge and Moorgate Street, and the date was October 25, 1911.

The various changes and improvements in motor omnibuses have continued since 1906, when the first L.G.O.C. motor omnibus carried away the front of a fruit shop at the very gates of Scotland Yard where it had gone to be passed as road-worthy. Since the War there have been eight different types, and you may feel inclined to ask why so many different types of omnibuses are produced. The answer is dull enough; the policy *is* to keep abreast of all improvements in motor bus design and the requirements of traffic. Progress is advance, not mere change, and by constant experiment and tests under service conditions the type of omnibus best adapted to London traffic can be evolved. Older types are superseded because something better has been devised.

The system of overhaul and reconditioning is so thorough that the "General" omnibus has an indefinite period of service, and those that are replaced by improved types could still give years of efficient operation. But, except for a number which are kept for private hire on occasions like Derby Day, the omnibuses are either burnt or sold for what they will fetch and for whatever uses the purchasers can visualize. Bungalows, cow byres, rabbit hutches, and poultry houses are the most popular transformations. While they are still in commission they are overhauled at the rate of ninety-two a week, the time to overhaul each omnibus having been reduced from three days to two and a half. This is done once a year.

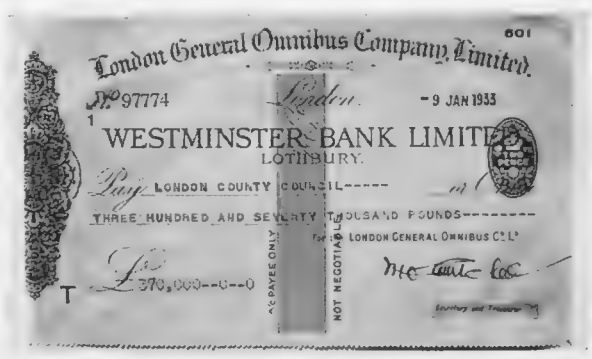
Motorists will be interested to know that the present day omnibuses do between six and seven miles to the gallon and that they are equipped with ninety-five horse-power engines. Their average is 135 miles a day. In addition to the 20,000 bus conductors and drivers, there are 550 inspectors. But the ultimate check, when necessary, on a conductor's honesty is the number of discs clipped by the bell punch from the ticket. In the ordinary course of events no effort is made to see whether it tallies with the returns of the conductor, but it can always be brought into play on the rare occasions when dishonesty is suspected. That it can only be used as an occasional test is shown by the fact that every year 1,678,000,000 omnibus tickets are issued on the omnibuses (with a total weight of 746 tons).

Every little thing tells in mammoth companies like the L.G.O.C., and it is just as well for the shareholders that the drivers, of whom there are 10,400, pay their own licences. This is a saving of £3,600, and yet what is that compared with the cheque for £370,000 paid by the L.G.O.C. on the first of this month just for the road licences of its omnibuses?

Greater London has an area of 700 square miles, but the territory actually covered by the L.G.O.C. and its associated companies has an area of more than 1,800 square miles. There are 442 routes, and in 1931 (the 1932 statistics will not be available for a few days) the omnibuses ran over 500,000 miles daily, using 32,000,000 gallons of petrol while on the job. Every day an average of 5,000,000 fares were carried. Sometimes it rose to 6,000,000, and since 1922 the numbers have nearly doubled.

Here, I might as well give the origin of the term "omnibus" as applied to a public conveyance. It is, of course, merely the dative form of the Latin "omnes," and means "for all." In 1827 a retired French officer named Baudry ran a coach between Nantes and some baths that he owned in the neighbouring Richebourg. He called his vehicle the "Richebourg Baths Coach," but on noticing the slogan "Omnes Omnibus" over the shop of a local Woolworth named Omnes, he changed the title to "L'Omnibus," and the designation was subsequently adopted for public conveyances that were run in Paris and other cities.

(Continued on a later page)



LICENSING LONDON'S BUSES: This cheque for £370,000 was paid by the L.G.O.C. to the London County Council for licensing buses now in service — a substantial contribution to London's municipal exchequer

ECONOMY IN CONSTRUCTION: Ever on the alert to reduce costs and increase efficiency, the L.G.O.C. is now putting on the road a new four-wheel bus with increased passenger accommodation above the driver's cab and having a similar body to that used in the six-wheelers. Our illustration shows one of the new models on the 8A Service

FIGHTING FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE

THE FARMERS' SCOURGE: Since December 18 widespread outbreaks of foot and mouth disease have occurred, causing grave anxiety lest there be a complete stoppage of stock movements. These special "Sphere" illustrations demonstrate the methods adopted by the Ministry of Agriculture to defeat the spread of infection. *Left*—A local inspector disinfecting his rubber overalls. *Right*—Two potential victims

NOTICE: *Left*—A country footpath showing a warning notice proclaiming the path closed until the area is certified "clear." *Above*—An entrance to a farm illustrating the employment of straw, covered with lysol, as a means of preventing the spread of infection. If the claim that starlings are carriers of the disease be true, this form of prevention is largely nullified

FIGHTING DISEASE BY FIRE: Quite one of the most unpleasant features of foot and mouth disease is the compulsory destruction of cattle by burning. Our illustration shows a distant view of a farm with the smoke pall from the burning beasts hanging over the out-houses. Although farmers are adequately compensated for loss of stock, it is quite impossible to calculate the damage done to fine herds, often nullifying the work of many years of careful breeding, through the destruction of young cattle which in the ordinary course would form the nucleus of next year's stock. Fortunately in the East of England, infection is now reported under control. The infected cattle are valued by experts of the Ministry of Agriculture before they are killed and their carcases burned; Government compensation is based on the estimate thus obtained

Special "Sphere" Fictures

DISINFECTANT: Another picture showing the use of lysol covered straw at farm entrances. This is laid to such a thickness that when stock or labourers are passing through, it is kicked up—thus disinfecting the feet. During the past few weeks Ministry of Agriculture inspectors have carried out some remarkable feats of quick detection, and it is entirely through their energy and the co-operation of farmers that they have been able to check the outbreak to its present restriction

THE IMPOVERISHED ARISTOCRACY: Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Miss Ellis Jeffreys, as the two sisters who open their house (with farcical results) to a wealthy Australian family with social ambitions, are seen above with Mr. Robert Andrews, the *jeune premier*, as the son of Miss Jeffreys

"WHERE THE LADY IS EAGER, THE MAN'S THE REVERSE"! Miss Eileen Peel makes the running for Mr. Robert Andrews. This scene and that above are both from the Ivor Novello farcical comedy of Anglo-Australian (though not Test Match!) clash, *Fresh Fields*, at the Criterion

AN ALDWYCH REHEARSAL: Mr. Ralph Lynn conducting the rehearsal of the new farce, *A Bit of a Test*, Mr. Ben Travers (the author) standing centre; Major Steel, the business brain of the team, on his left; Mr. Robert Dunn seated; Miss Mary Brough and Miss Renee Gadd look on while Mr. Robertson Hare is held by Mr. Louis Bradfield

PLAYS: Brilliantly Acted Drama at the Haymarket : : A Comedy of Bad Manners at the Criterion

Three plays of undoubted interest have just appeared in the West End, two of them belonging to that class of entertainment which is known as the "drawing-room" order, and the third to the multiple-scene type introduced in spectacular form in *Grand Hotel*. The one which produces the most continuous laughter is *Fresh Fields*, by Mr. Ivor Novello, at the Criterion; the most packed with dramatic interest is *Dinner at Eight*, by Mr. George S. Kaufman and Miss Edna Ferber, at the Palace; while the one which shows the most domestic view of life is *Double Harness*, by Mr. Edward Poor Montgomery, at the Haymarket.

Double Harness tells us the story of the daughter of an English colonel who has not found her destined mate among the men of her set. She is not one of those who merely desire "a home of her own" but is eager for some man who leads a life of wide interest and some importance to his country. Without being in love with him she finds this man in a young barrister, John Rockingham, who she feels has the ability to rise to great things, but at the moment is allowing his powers to drift through inherent laziness. In the first act we see Sybil Livingstone, who is running her widowed father's flat very efficiently, calmly planning to catch Rockingham, who has shown her some attentions, though she is well aware that such attentions have been paid to many women before. In the second act, three months later, we find Sybil in Rockingham's flat, where she is obviously very much at home. It is a very hot evening (somewhat difficult for the audience to realize on these chilly nights), she finds her dress oppressive, and so borrows a pair of Rockingham's blue silk pyjamas.

He lies lazily on the sofa, grumbling at the idea of having to be up early the next morning to catch a train to the country in order to defend a man in a manslaughter case. When he is persuaded to go off to get some really cold water, Sybil finds time to telephone to her sister, Valerie, who is in the plot which brings Colonel Livingstone in a state of old-fashioned but restrained indignation at the position in which he finds his daughter. Rockingham points out that Sybil has been a free agent throughout, and suggests that the choice should be left to her. She chooses marriage, and the third act finds her, three years later, established in a charming house, where she is proving herself a most perfect helpmate to her husband, who is now a very busy barrister and a Member of Parliament. She manages everything for him, money, house, social and political parties, and they are very good friends, but have ceased to be "lovers" since that hot summer night.

The secret of the plot is disclosed in a moment of rage by Valerie, when she can no longer extract any more money from her sister to pay her extravagant dress bills. Justifiably disgusted at the trick played upon him, Rockingham, in true manly fashion goes off to a former flame, who suggests the usual allurements of Paris, Riviera, Italy, blue skies, and Egypt. He is almost yielding to this when Sybil is announced, and in a really telling scene makes him listen to her, urging the point that he would always allow the greatest criminal the chance to defend himself.

Her defence is simply the truth, that though she secured marriage by a trick, of which she was deeply ashamed, she has used all her energy on his behalf, not spending his money for her selfish enjoyment; and then leaves him to deduce that the love which was absent before marriage has developed since. In the last scene Sybil is greeting the guests arriving for dinner not knowing whether Rockingham will return to her or not, and the interest is well sustained, all of us feeling equally anxious as the moments go by, till just as dinner *must* be announced, in bursts Rockingham with apologies, saying he has been delayed by difficulties in obtaining some special flowers as it is the anniversary of their wedding-day—and with that the guests file in to dinner and the curtain falls.

This play gives great opportunity to Miss Mary Ellis as the heroine. She has a very long part, is seldom off the stage, but she holds attention all the time, gaining in power as the play develops—till her greatest moment in her rival's flat, where her acting is faultless. Mr. Owen Nares gives, as usual, a fine performance, indicating laziness very deftly in the earlier scenes, and Miss Cecily Byrne, as the friend, gave just the right note, while two minor parts of lady workers from the country constituency, played by Miss Sybil Brook and Miss Georgina Wynter, were excellent. In spite of certain weaknesses and a lack of sympathy with the actions of the hero and heroine in the beginning, the play grows in interest, and the audience was undeniably pleased and enthusiastic.

Fresh Fields at the Criterion is described as a comedy, but it is one with a large dash of farce, sufficiently subdued to prevent boredom. That there is no boredom one has only to listen to the continuous laughter which gurgles all over the theatre. Mr. Ivor Novello is so well served by his very strong cast that nothing is over stressed; so much so, that one almost believes that such things might happen! It is the old story of an aristocratic family living in extreme poverty in a large house in Belgravia, eking out their small means by opening bazaars for a fee, and running a column "Can I help you?" in some ladies' paper. Miss Lilian Braithwaite, looking dreamily half-witted as Lady Lilian Bedworthy, and Miss Ellis Jeffreys, as her married sister, Lady Mary Crabbe, deliciously "all there," with crisp decisive humour, take the honours of the acting, never letting the play down for a moment, always behaving as ladies; even in moments of difficulty when money is at its lowest ebb, Lady Mary offers the hospitality of her house, "just at the price you are paying for your rooms at the Ritz" to some wealthy vulgarians from Australia, Mrs. Pidgeon (Miss Minnie Rayner), her daughter Una (Miss Eileen Peel) and her brother Tom Larcom (Mr. Fred Groves). Mrs. Pidgeon, large and fat, and bubbling over with jollity, is induced to spend afternoons at dull concerts, while Tom Larcom is overwhelmed with the drooping faded loveliness of Lady Lilian, whom he captures in the end by a little "rough

THE HAPPY ENDING moment—returns fact that he was

DOUBLE HARNESS: Miss Mary Ellis (right) in the throes of confession to Miss Cecily Byrne, the sympathetic friend in *Double Harness* at the Haymarket

stuff," for which she has been secretly longing, and off they go to get a special licence from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Una pairs off with Lady Mary's son, Tim Crabbe, and Lady Mary, delighted to have everyone off her hands and free to let the house, plans to travel round the world with the cheery Mrs. Pidgeon. The final curtain falls on their looking at their route on a great globe. In less efficient hands than Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Miss Lilian Braithwaite the play might wilt a little, but as it is the audience laughs and chuckles and enjoys itself, forgetting the cold rawness outside, and all the problems of war debts and income-tax!

B. H.

SUSPENSE: Miss Mary Ellis playing the desperate hostess awaiting the problematical return of her husband, while her dinner guests—among whom are the trio seen above, Mr. Cecil Parker, Miss Cecily Byrne and Miss Isobel Ohmead—make more or less polite conversation. The play begins quietly, but steadily builds itself up in interest until at the end one is watching every movement, and especially those of Miss Ellis, with fascinated interest

to *Double Harness*, the new play at the Haymarket. Mr. Owen Nares (right) returns at the last not only to his dinner and his home, but also to his wife—with profuse apologies, based on the trying to get special flowers as it was the anniversary of his wedding: a pretty touch of symbolism. *Double Harness* is very beautifully dressed

Special "Sphere" pictures

CURTAIN: Husband (Mr. Owen Nares) and wife (Miss Mary Ellis) are reunited after many misunderstandings in *Double Harness*. Miss Ellis holds in her hand the flowers of promise, emblematical of future happiness. The setting by Mr. Aubrey Hammond provides some delightful interiors

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

THE PRESS AND THE PERCHED CANARY: John Masefield is a favourite lecturer in the United States. They like his frightened rabbit manner on platforms, his get-easy habit off. They adore his title, the cut of his clothes, and the quaintness of his accent. His poetry is taken for granted. Here the Press are probably asking him how much the job is worth. The lady in possession of poems and poet is doubtless the "Madame-President" of a Women's Club

The Vulgarity of H. G. Wells : The Exhibitionism of Eric Muspratt : And Other Literary Matters of the Hour

Mr. Wells, in a long and distinguished career, has never lost his taste for robust vulgarity. He always has a fear that one of his characters may be mistaken for that suspicious object, a gentleman. Most of his male creations make love like cads, think like philosophers, act like bounders, and end pathetically like jovial uncles who have taken to drink. A novelist with a scientific bias, he likes to look on life as a biological experiment. While psychologists speak the language of Freud, Mr. Wells speaks the language of the laboratory.

The grandfather of the hero of *The Bulpington of Blup* (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) is the father of ten daughters. We are informed that he was "undismayed by this feminist bias of his chromosomes." During the childhood of young Bulpington of Blup we are told that his "hungry young brain-cortex was seizing upon a thousand things," which is merely the Wellsian mode of saying impressively that his mind was inquisitive. Mr. Wells is addicted to this medico-scientific jargon, just as he is addicted to utterly ridiculous names for his characters. Why the Bulpington of Blup? Mr. Wells can give no valid reason, and the absurdity of the name remains an absurdity to the end. Its repellent ugliness constitutes in Mr Wells's mind an arresting strength. In an age of Epstein and concrete he is afraid of anything orthodox, classical, or commonplace. Everything, from its title down to its rowdy characterization, is against this book, and yet it lives.

Bulpington is ridiculous, libidinous, and weak. There is no earthly or heavenly reason why he should engage our attention. Yet he does, from the first page to the last, although he has no originality. He is a commonplace fellow, who grows through Mr. Wells's customary forcing-house of sex into a hybrid plant of a hectic civilization. All this I feel about this ill-planned, untidy book. I am not interested in Mr. Bulpington's absurd father, his petty-minded mistresses, his cowardice in battle, his bluff in life, but I dare not skip a page, for the Mr. Wells who has held our attention for thirty years still holds the attention with burst upon burst of writing, vivid, overwhelmingly fresh and swift with penetration, writing such as could come from the pen of no other living man.

When you come to think of it, Mr. Wells has every right to scribble like a tired man. He has seen all his theories ignored, his prophecies derided, his political excursions sniffed at. Yet here he is writing with a gusto of a young man whose faith has not been sapped by experience. His eyes are fresh. He sees Mr. Wimperdick, "a small, round, fiercely smiling man, always short of breath and full of combative chuckles. He had a lot of fat that did not fit him. He was as if he was wearing the fat of a much bigger man. It overflowed at his neck and wrists, his voice sounded as though it found his throat full of it and had to squeeze through." Mr. Wimperdick springs into life complete from that moment.

There is Rachael, the young Jewess, who seizes Bulpington and initiates him into the mysteries of sex. She has no delicacy, no illusions. She sums up the males of her own race. "They're standardized. They are the results of mass production. Moses was the first Henry Ford. All Jews are brethren. For a Jew to make love to a Jewess is incest. He ought to be prosecuted. Generation after generation, cousins and cousins and cousins breeding in and in, the same old patterns, the eternal types. But you Gentiles mix the world. What are you? Celt, Iberian, dark stuff, with a stiffening of Anglo-Saxon, and who knows what else?" And when she has finished with Bulpington, it is she who lives in the reader's mind, so vividly is she conceived.

The singular thing about this novel is that all the characters who come into contact with Bulpington have vigorous life while he remains amorphous. He is used as a punching-bag for Mr. Wells's impatience with life, as a rubbish-pit in which to dump all the fallacies of life, art, war, religion, politics which, in turn, engage Mr. Wells's devastating scrutiny. When Bulpington's thoughts turned to God he "booked himself for eternity and achieved as delicate and impalpable an Anglicanism as ever protected a human brain from the harsh assaults of reality. He had got a soul just as he had got a moustache, as a most natural adolescent outgrowth."

These brief quotations will show that Mr. Wells has not lost the etching power that has always been at his command. This book has not the unity that made of *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* a masterpiece that still sets the high-water mark of all wartime fiction, but there is no lessening of his perturbing insight. He possesses still the search-light sweep that lifts a selected object, or a moment of experience, from the darkness into merciless illumination. The cold, clear light of his mind never falters. In passage after passage the true genius of this writer leaps to the quickened senses. It may be that Mr. Wells has ceased to write novels. *The Bulpington of Blup* is a bad novel in the orthodox sense of that term. Even so, there is rich entertainment here, and there is much more. In every line, one of the most agile minds of the age is seen at work—critical, combative, and tenacious of the truth of life as he sees it.

Travellers return with strange and confusing stories from Russia. Mr. Shaw's cynical and unreliable account left us in greater darkness. To some it is Paradise regained; to some Paradise lost; to others, just Hell. Of all the accounts I have read I place most reliance on the story of Sir James Purves-Stewart. A trained observer, he visited Russia as a medical man. He was not concerned with political doctrine nor confined by prejudice. He went to observe this Paradise of the Communists, this Hell of the capitalist Press. He found it to be neither, but a drab, forbidding Purgatory.

In *A Physician's Tour in Soviet Russia* (Allen and Unwin. 5s.) he naturally records the things that most interest a physician, but his shrewd eye misses nothing of the general scene, and this is a vivid, well-documented statement which bears the impress of unbiased truth. Where Communism has succeeded it has succeeded well. Its war against prostitution, its common-sense treatment of birth-control, its attitude towards abortion, are in Sir James's eyes rational and successful. The Russian doctors, working with scant equipment and for little more than the pay of an ordinary workman, are serving the State well. But their service only touches the fringe of Russia's immense needs.

Outside the area of their influence there is unrelieved gloom and suffering. Progress has been made in a few directions, but at appalling cost. Religion is tolerated but not encouraged, for Russia is in the throes of Lenin-worship, and Communist propaganda is incessant and nauseating. The museums are all planned with the one purpose of advertising the inhumanity of capitalism. Here and there a few intelligent men are reconciled to the changed conditions. One doctor sang pæans of praise about the Communistic regime and how he revelled in helping his fellow citizens, but another colleague was not so enthusiastic. "If you think, don't speak; if you speak, don't write; if you write, don't publish," was his advice.

BOOKS TO READ

A List of Six Novels:

THE COMING BACK, by Constance Malleson (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.).

FRUITS OF THE EARTH, by Frederick Philip Grove (Dent. 7s. 6d.).

NURSE, by Barbara Hughes-Stanton (Secker. 7s. 6d.).

SUMMER'S DAY, by Ianthe Jerrold (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.).

THE GOLD FALCON (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.).

TIGER JUAN, by Ramon Perez de Ayala (Cape. 7s. 6d.).

Travel:

THE UNDERWORLD OF INDIA, by Sir George MacMunn (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.).

Sometimes theory has run mad, sometimes it works. Sir James visited a prison where the happy inmates took a holiday one day a week to visit relatives, and where a venerable embezzler had padlocked his own cell while he went out for a walk. In conclusion, Sir James writes: "It must be realized by every thinking Russian that the small Communist Party exercises a crushing tyranny over a sullen and cowed population. The old aristocracy, the pre-War intelligentsia, the capitalist, and the bourgeois class with its private enterprise, having all been exterminated, Russian citizens are now reduced to a condition of utter serfdom, dominated by a ruthless and fanatical despotism labelled as democracy."

The Journey Home (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.) is Mr. Eric Muspratt's third volume concerning his travels as a tramp and stowaway. Like the previous volumes, it is a *pot-pourri* of physical exhibitionism, pretentious philosophising, and revolting descriptions of the disreputable occupants of brothels, gaols, and workhouses. Mr. Muspratt has at least the courage of his dirt. He is a fearless outcast, but taste rather than poverty seems to direct his quest of low life.

A favourable rate of exchange may encourage many to embark on that pilgrimage to Greece which is always cherished in the heart of all lovers of beauty. Until this volume appeared, *Greece and the Ægean*, by Ernest A. Gardner (Harrap. 7s. 6d.), there has been no guide book that briefly gives one the story and outlines the setting of the treasures of that land. Here in short space, with the authority of scholarship and in language within the compass of ordinary intelligence, Professor Gardner provides a guide that may even console those who are never to see the glory that is Greece. Athens, Delphi, Missolonghi, Thermopylæ, Corinth, Olympia, Delos, Naxos, Melos, the Cyclades, Ephesus, Samos, Patmos—the very names are a poem. Here in a dark day of winter this book inflames our discontent. It comes to hand simultaneously with a postcard from a friend who informs me that he has spent Christmas on Olympus, with a tent and two mules, and from it snows descended into the Vale of Tempe. This year, next year, sometime—whenever the day comes, this excellent book, a compressed library of Grecian law, will go with me.

Mr. Keith West's *Hanging Waters* (Lovat Dickson. 7s. 6d.), which he calls "a Chinese Comedy," is a most delightful fantasy in which he narrates the story of Ming So, the son of a poor widow, who is adopted by a rascally old uncle and taken away from his native village to a large town. Here he encounters little Pei Mei, and there follows one of the most delightful love idylls I have encountered for some time. Mr. West's writing has that fine quality of Chinese brushwork. He obviously knows the scene intimately, and that mixture of poetry, cruelty, and squalour which is to be found in the Celestial Empire is most vividly depicted. The real nature of Uncle Tung Lai Luk, who escaped to Hong Kong with a new wife, the dream of Pei Mei, the horror, mystery, and intrigue that made the course of true love run rough—all these things build up an excellent story, which has the rare advantage of illustrations that really help the text.

Acorned Hog, by Shamus Frazer (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.), is a first novel by an Oxford undergraduate of twenty. It is a vivid, swiftly-moving satirical comedy of life under a Socialist Government. Young Philip, on going down, is assigned to a country railway station as a porter, his friend is made a lavatory attendant. All this results from the dominance of Mr. James Laxative, M.P. Much of the comedy of this satire is of the lavatory order, and the continuous harping on this theme is apt to bring this novel down to the category of schoolboy effusions. But there is throughout an unusual play of the imagination and an easy mastery of dialogue. The writing never creaks for a moment, and a veteran novelist of sixty years and sixty books might envy Mr. Frazer his freedom with his medium.

The story soon loses the slightest touch with reality and the author sends us soaring into a dizzy, mad world in which a descendant of the Stuarts, discovered at Hollywood, is restored to the Throne of England; Mr. Laxative goes to Moscow, and everyone gets titles. The dialogue is desperately

(Continued on a later page)

FILMS OF THE DAY

DISCORD: Mr. Temple Thurston's successful play, *A Roof and Four Walls*, has now been adapted for the screen. This sentimental story of domestic tragedy and happiness is to be released under the title *Discord*. Mr. Owen Nares and Miss Benita Hume are the leading players

A NEW DANISH STAR: Miss Winna Winfried, who stars in *Naughty Cinderella*, a new Warner Brothers' production from the Teddington studios

BOYS IN UNIFORM: Mr. Georg Jacoby's drama of German youth presents a very different picture from its counterpart, *Mädchen in Uniform*. Here there is no scathing indictment of the Prussian military machine. It is a simple melodrama of military life in a spectacular setting

HER FIRST FILM: Our illustration shows Miss Nellie Wallace in her first film, *The Wishbone*, now in production at Sound City. It need hardly be added that the film is a comedy

"I AM A FUGITIVE": A remarkable scene from Warner Brothers' new production, *I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*. The story is based upon the autobiography of Robert F. Burns. It is the tale of a returned soldier with a brilliant war record, forced through poverty to petty theft, and condemned to ten years in a chain gang. The story of his two dramatic escapes forms the basis of a swift-moving and absorbing film

MISS ROSITA GARCIA and Miss Arabella Fields in a scene from Mr. Rex Ingram's production *Baroud*, featured at the Tivoli. The film, the theme of which is laid in Morocco, contains some remarkable battle scenes relieved by the robust humour of Miss Fields as the heroine's guardian and confidante

METROPOLITAN

FOR THE COUNTY HALL: The first of a group of four statues, the work of Mr. A. F. Hardiman, which are to be placed in the new County Hall extension at Westminster

A CHELSEA RECRUIT: Our illustration shows Miss Vivian John, daughter of Mr. Augustus John, at work in her Chelsea studio. Although only seventeen, Miss John's work shows great promise, for she has inherited her father's talent for bold draughtsmanship. So far Miss John has not exhibited any of her work publicly, but has found a ready market for her sketches

SIR HUGH AND LADY SMILEY leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their marriage last week. Lady Smiley is, of course, Nancy Beaton, the sister of Mr. Cecil Beaton, the distinguished society photographer. She was attended by three pages, Master Robin Warrender, Master Hugh Wyndham, and Master John Dashwood, and eight bridesmaids including her sister, Miss "Baba" Beaton

MISS NANCY BEATON leaving her house for St. Margaret's, Westminster, where her wedding to Sir Hugh Smiley, Bt., took place last week. The bride was given away by her father, and the honeymoon will be spent in America

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF: The artificial larynx, an invention of the Western Electric Company, is designed to restore speech to those suffering from paralysis of the vocal chords

A SOCIAL AND EDUCATIONAL CENTRE: The Prince of Wales signing the visitors' book before performing the opening ceremony at the new Watling Centre, Hendon, the headquarters of the social and educational activities of the Watling Association

When the "Flu" flew!

"My medical was right,

DEWAR'S settled it!"

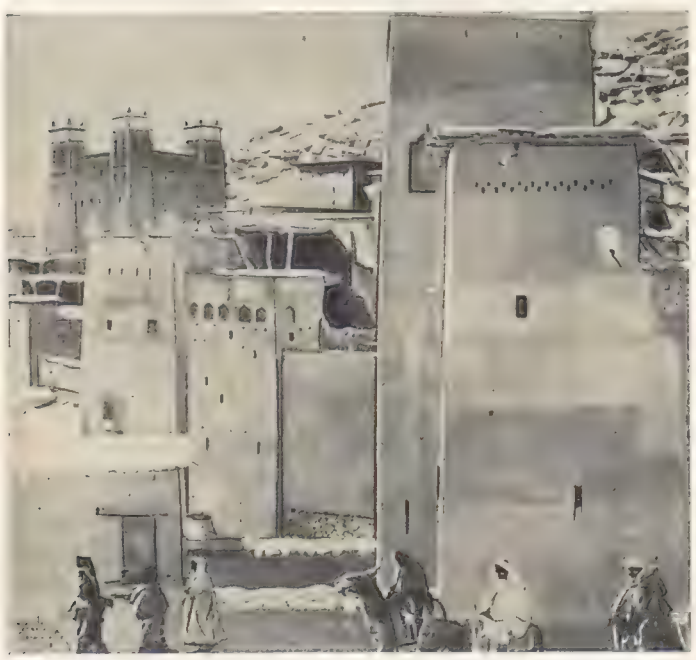
THE MYSTERIOUS "KASBAHS"

Who Built the Fortresses of the Atlas?

A FORTRESS OF MUD: One of the superb fortress-dwellings—*kasbahs*—of Animiter, in the High Atlas. Actual symmetry is forbidden by the canons of Berber architecture, although similarity is enjoined

STREET VIEW IN ANIMITER: In this village of "High Barbarie" quadrangle of *kasbah* is piled on quadrangle of *kasbah* at different heights

A CITY OF *KASBAHS*: Animiter in the Atlas at sunset, reproduced from a coloured drawing by Jacques Majorelle, a French artist living in Marrakesh. The incredibly "futuristic" structure of this settlement whose architecture, though modern in construction, is primeval in design, demonstrates incontrovertibly the thesis that modernism is, in actual fact, aboriginal in inspiration



"WHERE FORTRESS STANDS CHEEK BY JOWL WITH FORT": A view of Animiter by Majorelle. The *kasbahs*, made of the mud of the valleys in which they stand, endure at most for a century, leaving great jutting slabs of mud, pock-marked with rain as they crumble

THE SHEIKH OF ANIMITER speaking to some of his subjects. In the background is one of the highly-ornamented mud fortresses of which the Atlas "city" is composed

The architecture of the High Atlas is unique in the world. Although the structures of the district, termed *kasbahs*, are comparatively modern, they derive in fact from a theory of building akin to the antiquity of Egypt.

The *kasbahs*, some of which are seen illustrated upon this page, are fortresses of mud, constructed from the soil of the valleys in which they are set; red valleys have red *kasbahs*, and red is one of the dominant colours in Barbarie or the land of the Berbers.

So distinguished a modern critic as Mr. Wyndham Lewis regards the *kasbah* as one of the most significant of art forms and, with the modernist trend toward the aboriginal, regards such a primitive structure as infinitely superior to such a monument as the Alhambra and other manifestations of the Hispaño-Moresque spirit.

Although built in approximate squares with either four towers or two, *kasbahs* are never symmetrical, this theory of architecture finding a violent antipathy in the hearts of the Berber builders—nomadic, who travel on donkeys which also bear their instruments.

The *kasbah* is built essentially upon the principle of the Muslim symbol, the Crescent, the growing thing. If one *kasbah*, square and solid, has been erected and the sheikh, for whom it has been constructed, increases in power, a second structure springs up, built on a different level to the first—the quadrangle inside the *kasbah* houses, the dwelling of the skeikh or caid, his stables and stores, the quarters for his troops and his guest-houses and harem.

Kinship is traced by Mr. Wyndham Lewis between the *kasbahs* of Morocco and the Soudanese *tatta* (Mosque architecture of Timbuktu) and the huts of the Congo. The ubiquity of Egyptian culture is to be traced in religious symbols, a distinct resemblance being traced between Ammon-Ra of the Nile Valley and the Ram of the Atlas. The structure of the *kasbahs*—the most ancient of which now standing is barely a century in age, for they crumble into pock-marked monoliths of mud thrusting up each in its own valley—is ascribed to 1500 B.C. (the eighteenth dynasty which brought forth the cult of Ammon-Ra, and the period adjudged to be that when the Berbers, as they are to-day, were certainly established in their present locality).

The pictures reproduced were taken during a cinematographic expedition launched by the Rev. Father Danion, who travelled to Animiter, the greatest of *kasbah* settlements, from Marrakesh along the dramatic new military road which, running sometimes at a height of 6,400 ft., transcends even the Tichka Pass. At the end of this road access to Animiter is available only by a precipitous footpath to Telouet, another centre of *kasbah* architecture, whence Animiter is attained by an incredibly romantic road running through eleven miles of barren rock which makes up in variety of colour what it lacks in vegetation. The word applied by Father Danion to the landscape is "apocalyptic."

The priest and his party were entertained by the sheikh, who—a mark of signal esteem—actually joined them at the meal he provided. It is a convention in the High Atlas that the inevitable stew of sheep with rice and bread should be eaten in acrobatic fashion. Pellets are made of the bread, gravy, and rice; these are cast into the air and caught in the mouth!

Within the *kasbah* are steep stairs, many terraces, and within one of the towers a large vaulted hall with narrow, slitted windows. The walls of this apartment were ornamented only with white chalk. Superb carpets, however, redeemed the room from bareness.

G. H. W. R.

A LAST LOOK

On the Week's News

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has always been an ardent supporter of hunting. Our picture shows him with Mrs. Churchill and his son, Randolph, at a meet of the Duke of Westminster's boar hunt at Allogny, France

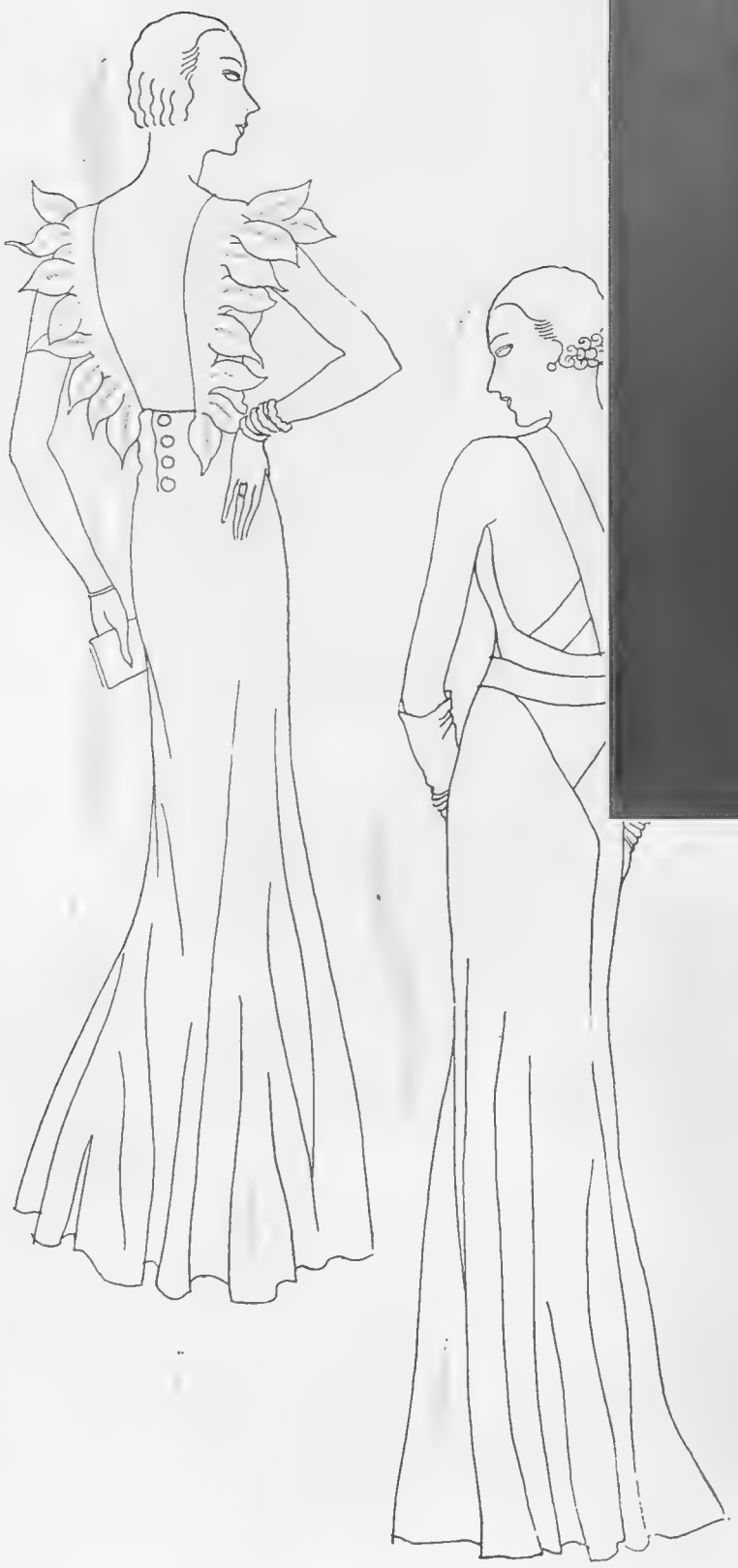
BOAR HUNTING IN FRANCE: Huntsmen returning with their quarry from a boar hunt in the valley of the Aisne, where the sport is carried out with dogs and guns. The season is now in full swing

AT THE ADMIRALTY: Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield, the new First Sea Lord of the Admiralty and Chief of the Naval Staff, seen at his office in Whitehall. He succeeds Admiral Sir Frederick L. Field, K.C.B.

REPUBLICAN IRELAND: Ireland is once again facing a political crisis. President de Valera, medieval idealist and dreamer, Mr. Cosgrave, hard-headed business man, each has his devoted and uncompromising followers. The report that if the President is not elected he will mobilize the I.R.A. recalls the historic days of 1921. Mr. de Valera is shown here reviewing a detachment of the force

DEFENDING HIS CHARGE: Moss, the Arsenal goalkeeper, punching the ball from the goal mouth during last Saturday's match against Manchester City at Highbury. Despite a temporary loss of form, Arsenal are still holding on to their lead at the head of the League table

FAREWELL TO SIR HENRY LYTTON: Most distinguished of all Savoyards Sir Henry Lytton received a wonderful "good-bye" from the audience when he made his farewell appearance in D'Oyly Carte opera to London audiences last Saturday. Our picture shows Sir Henry being toasted on the stage of the Savoy Theatre, at the reception following his final performance. On the last night he played Ko-ko in the *Mikado*, perhaps his most whimsical rôle



A Brilliant English Design

Mrs. Peter Quennell is seen wearing the new spiral-suit designed by Charles James, that distinguished English designer who is almost better known in America than in his own country. This remarkable model is made in one piece — literally, spiral. Mr. James is a recognised authority in matters of *cut*, and has a peculiarly subtle understanding of the feminine form divine. This interesting model, made in white ribbed jersey, may be seen at Richard Sands, Sloane Street.

From the mid-season collection of Worth, Paris, comes the original décolletage drawn, left, on this page. The gown is in heavy black satin with a neck-line high and square in front, lower at the back, and bordered with white cotton piqué cut in leaf-shaped petals. Another original décolletage appears at the right. Details must suffice us in the matter of fashion news, for the moment, pending the Spring Collection Openings of the great Paris Houses which will begin during the first week in February.

D. Todd's Section

The Hon. Mrs. James Rodney

The achievement of absolute smartness demands intelligence—smartness is not super-imposed but evolves naturally from the very fibre of the wearer. No effort on the part of your dressmaker can make you smart if you have a dowdy mind. Mrs. James Rodney (seen above) demonstrates the superlative manner in the wearing of clothes. She here sponsors a navy coat and skirt of blue twelaska from Paul Caret. The coatee was designed to look like the top of a dress—a slimming and original suit.

From the Bedford Riding Breeches Company, 19, New Quebec Street, come the smart jodhpurs, breeches, and jackets shown. Left, a Harris tweed coat with dark brown check and jodhpurs in cavalry twill. The coat costs £4 7s. 6d.; the jodhpurs £4 19s. 6d. The cut is impeccable: "Bedford" is a guarantee. Right, we feature a coat in dark brown whipcord (£5 5s.) worn over fawn breeches in cavalry twill (£4 2s. 6d.). Coats may be had from this firm from £3 3s.; jodhpurs from 23s.

A UNIQUE MUSIC ROOM

POLYCHROMATIC SCHEME

Messrs. Reid and Lefevre's famous art gallery recently initiated a startling departure from tradition by entering the field of interior decoration. The original music room featured on this page was designed by Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell to be shown in that gallery, whence it will now travel throughout the provinces starting with Bradford. Among serious connoisseurs of painting Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell enjoy a unique esteem. These distinguished painters collaborate in matters of applied art.

Their work includes rugs, furniture, textiles, tiles and pottery (their colour is noticeably varied and subtle) and designs for needlework. The material used for curtains, sofa, and chairs was executed by the firm of Allan Walton. Messrs. Reid and Lefevre foresee an important development in such a collaboration between artist and householder. They are prepared to recommend other artists of serious standing for this purpose. The room here shown is distinguished by a blaze of colour.

Mainly ABOUT TOWN

"DON'T SAY GOOD-BYE": Although *Wild Violets*, the musical comedy success, has reached its hundredth performance it is still playing to packed houses at Drury Lane. Our picture shows Miss Charlotte Greenwood, Mr. Hassard Short, and Miss Jean Cadell celebrating at the party given by Miss Greenwood at the Berkeley Hotel

A NOVELLO FIRST NIGHT: Mr. Ivor Novello may well have two successes running at once with not only *Fresh Fields*, but with his new satire, *Flies in the Sun*, which began its run (with the author as one of the Flies) at the Playhouse on January 18. *Above*—Miss Lily Elsie is seen chatting with Miss Angela Brett on the first night

A DINNER PARTY IN VELVET AND SILK: Watching "The Gawdy on the Frozen Thames," held on Grosvenor House Ice Rink on Monday night, was a wonderfully picturesque dinner table at which sat many notables in the dress of A.D. 1600. The Countess of Effingham and Sir Frank Newnes were there

AT MURRAY'S CLUB: Mr. Charles A. Lundy, the prominent racehorse owner, gave a birthday party at Murray's last week, when he reserved the club for his guests. Mr. Lundy received a presentation from Mr. Beaumont Alexander, his manager, of a replica of one of his horses

A RUSSIAN WEDDING: The wedding took place last week at the Russian Church, Buckingham Palace Road, of Miss Nina Bucknall, late of Petrograd, and Mr. Gordon Cuthbertson Latta, the author. The bride was a Russian refugee in 1918. Our picture shows the bridal couple during the picturesque ceremony

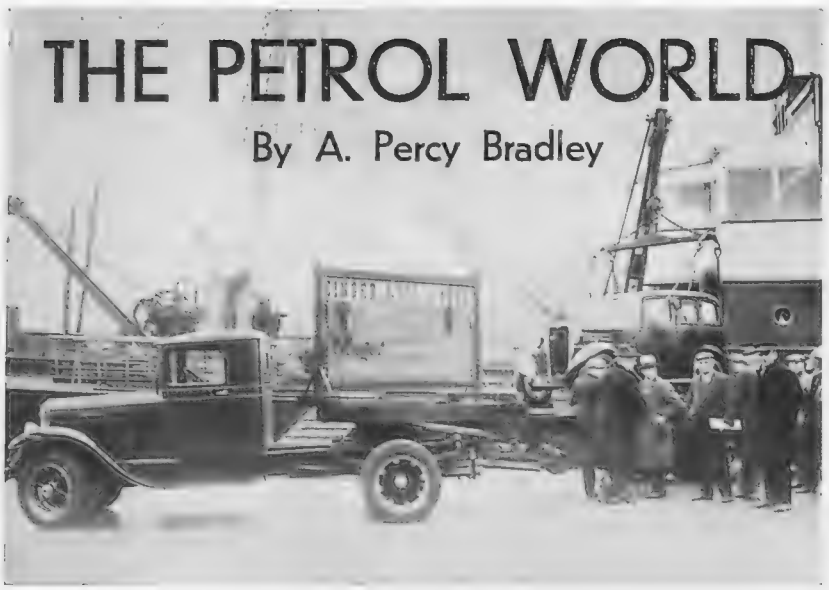
AT YORK MINSTER: Mr. Godfrey Pennington Hobbs and Miss Elizabeth Constance, daughter of General Sir F. Gathorne-Hardy, were married in York this week

AFTER THE CEREMONY: Mr. D. Colville and Lady Joan Child Villiers (of the House of Jersey) leaving the church after their marriage at Eaton Square this week

THE NEW "TENNANT": The infant son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Tennant was christened at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, last week. Our picture shows the parents with the nurse and baby, who was named Mark Iain, outside the church. The little boy in the picture is their three-year-old son, Anthony John. Mr. Tennant is a kinsman of Lord Glenconner

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. Percy Bradley



BRITISH CARS IN HOLLAND: Since Britain's departure from the gold standard the motor industry has found an increasingly lucrative market in Holland. Our illustration shows the hundredth Singer car sent to Holland this season being handled at the docks

To-day motor cars are so reliable and require so little attention that there is a grave danger of manufacturers forgetting that accessibility is important. During a recent spell of frost I emptied the water from the circulating system of my car, and as I have not been in possession of it for a very long time I had not discovered where the necessary tap was situated. Like the majority of private owners I had not troubled to look the matter up before the operation became necessary, so I hastily glanced through the pages of the instruction book and eventually found the information I required. The tap was situated between the bottom of the radiator and the engine and I eventually succeeded in letting the water drain off. But in so doing I managed to stain the sleeve of my overcoat with oil, and had to kneel down on the ground in order to get my hand on the right place. The next morning when I wished to replenish the system with water I found that the tap which is operated by an hexagonal-shaped disc had to be turned until a saw-cut on it was horizontal. It was exceedingly difficult to see this saw-cut, and in the end I found that the trial and error method was the best.

On another car belonging to a friend of mine the water is drained off by turning quite an orthodox tap, but in this case the tap is in such a position that only a lady or a child with a very small hand and slender fingers can operate it without lying flat on the ground on one's back. As these cars are in entirely different classes the examples satisfy me that private owners will be very grateful if car makers would devote a little more serious thought to simple matters such as this under discussion.

Even if owners prefer to add an anti-freezing mixture to the cooling water, radiators should be drained every now and again to keep the circulating system in a clean and efficient condition. I can see no great difficulty in arranging matters so that this important tap can be manipulated by a person without having to imitate the antics of a contortionist, and without spoiling a suit or overcoat.

Draining out the oil from the engine sump and replenishing with lubricant are operations which private owners are called upon to perform fairly frequently if their yearly mileage is 10,000 or more. I venture to think that only the very economically minded or the super-enthusiast, who will get into a boiler suit specially for the job, would care to perform the first of these operations. Surely the draining plug or tap could be designed so that it is capable of being used in what I might term a lady-like manner.

Perhaps most owners have their oil-sumps replenished when they stop for petrol at a garage, but the present design, or better still, lack of design of the filling orifice of the engine sump is such that a fantastic amount of time is wasted while the oil filters through to the base chamber. I know of only one car where the engine designer has studied the interests of the owner in this direction. He has formed a kind of bulge in the large bore pipe leading to the base chamber. This allows about a pint of oil to be poured in as quickly as possible, the cap refixed and then, as the driver goes off, the oil filters through in its own sweet time. Such an idea is well worth imitating and my only surprise is that at the moment I have only found one car with such a convenience.

Let me take another example. And in this case it deals with an operation which has to be carried out by most drivers at least once a week. I refer to the reserve tap on the petrol supply. In this particular instance I am in the happy position of owning a car where I can switch on to reserve without leaving my driving seat. During the last twelve months, of all the cars I have tested and driven, only one other was so designed. Frequently I come across friends who have been stranded on the road through running out of petrol merely because they have asked the attendant at the petrol station when filling the tank to make certain that the tap was not in the reverse position. He has either forgotten to carry out his instructions or did his best and made a mistake. In these days of Autovax or Petrol Pumps fitted close to the engine there is no earthly reason why the reserve tap should not be close to the driver's hand, and this would avoid this calamity.

I may be asking too much to have these refinements fitted on the cheapest mass-produced car, but the additional expense cannot be very much, and it would, I am sure, be well justified in the work of makers who supply cars that are just a little different and perhaps a little more expensive than those I have mentioned.

The British motor trade is certainly a bright spot in this country's industry, and in the trade there is no busier concern at the moment than the Austin factory outside Birmingham. During the past two months more than 10,000 cars have been delivered, and of these some 1,800 have gone overseas, South Africa and New Zealand having taken the greater number. The great call for economy which is world wide at the moment is helping the British motor trade in overseas markets. The big American car is being rapidly displaced by the smaller and more economical British article. Thus the latest official figures from Ceylon for the quarter ended September 30 last show that Austin cars accounted for 44 per cent. of the total number of registrations. Only 22 per cent. of the cars registered were of other than British manufacture. Even in America the Baby Austin is in the limelight. I am informed that one of these cars fitted with grooved wheels is used as an overhead ferry across a river which is 50 yards wide. The little car runs on two cables and is steadied by a third passing through a pulley on the roof. With its full complement of passengers this tight-rope motor car can cross the river one hundred times on a gallon of petrol.

The other day I witnessed at Hanworth Aerodrome a very interesting demonstration of a new type of aeroplane. To describe this machine in a few words I would term it a motor assisted glider. I was not only interested in what I actually saw these machines perform, but also in the very striking similarity between the development of the motor car and that of the aeroplane. In both cases they started with engines of comparatively small horse-power. Gradually the motive power became more powerful until a stage was reached, which, in the case of the aeroplane, was only a month or two ago, when certain moving spirits decided that it would be a good thing to simplify the machine as a whole, instal a much smaller engine and make the cost price lower so as to appeal to a wider circle, and having done all that, reduction in running costs would follow automatically. This stage in the motor world took place in 1912 when we saw the introduction of the belt-driven cycle car with an air-cooled engine. In the cycle car these engines were nothing more nor less than those fitted to motor bicycles and in this respect we have an absolute parallel in the aeroplane world, for these new machines, produced by Mr. Lowe Wylde, have also power units of the same description.

Personally I think that these low-powered aeroplanes will prove to be the means of popularizing aviation. As far as I can see they will not cost more than £200, they travel at a speed of about 50 to 60 m.p.h., and they will cover at least fifty miles with a gallon of petrol. Surprising as these figures may be their chief attribute is their extraordinary safety.

Of course, once a man or woman is proficient as a pilot and has flown one of these small aeroplanes for a lengthy period, the urge to own something bigger and more powerful is bound to make itself manifest, so that the smaller aircraft will also act as a feeder to the larger ones.

ACROSS EUROPE: Four women motorists are driving 2,340 miles across Europe from Finland to the Riviera for the Monte Carlo motor rally, the world's most exciting motoring event! Our picture shows the three drivers, Mrs. Morna Vaughan, Mrs. E. M. Wisdom, and Mrs. Gates

ATTACKING EVEREST

By Land and Air

(Continued from p. 115)

expedition, in which Mallory and Irvine were lost, came to the conclusion that the oxygen cylinders carried by climbers were more of a hindrance than a help. Nevertheless, the present leader has already been deluged by the offers of strange inventions such as gas-pipes to be laid up the mountain, diving-suits, windlasses and man-raising kites.

Will the fourth expedition discover that, after all, two men *did* gain the summit only to die there? Did Mallory of the fiery soul, expert climber, and man of iron endurance actually top that summit of 29,141 ft.? Was his brave companion, Andrew Irvine, Oxford athlete and jesting gambler with life, standing with him on a summit higher than man had ever climbed? They were last seen 400 ft. from the summit. Then a snow cloud enveloped them. No man ever saw Mallory and Irvine again. No man knows what fate befell them.

If this fourth expedition is successful, that mystery may be solved. It was the most spectacular death that any mountaineer could hope for. Death on Everest! It was believed by more than one of the party that Mallory and Irvine reached the top, but were caught by the white devils on their return. If the present expedition reaches that same height—and the chances to-day are much greater than they were eight years ago—the bodies of these two brave climbers will be found in a state of complete preservation there. The ice and snow of this dead world 29,000 ft. above the sea will have kept Mallory and Irvine as surely as was Andrée's body discovered in the Arctic wastes thirty-three years after his death.

Another exciting fight against Everest is also taking place in the sky. An expedition has been formed to attempt a flight to Mount Everest. The financial side of this particular expedition has been met by Lady Houston's generosity. She is bearing the whole cost, as she bore the cost of our final victory—in 1931—in the Schneider Trophy.

The Marquess of Clydesdale has been chosen as the chief pilot for this most dangerous air exploit, and the Air Ministry have given him a certificate of complete physical fitness for the task. But the job of forcing an aeroplane to climb into those queer and mysterious air eddies above this jagged range of mountains is one that might deter many a brave man.

Nevertheless, the Marquess of Clydesdale has an excellent machine for the purpose. He will pilot a Houston-Westland plane capable of an altitude of 40,000 ft., which is now being adapted by the Westland Aircraft Works, Yeovil. A second machine, a Westland Wallace will also take part in the flight, Flight-Lieutenant D. F. McIntyre having been chosen as pilot. It is estimated that it will take 45 min. for the aviators to reach a height of 35,000 ft. and 80 min. to fly round the mountain.

The base will be at the R.A.F. aerodrome at Purnea, 150 miles distant. Special permission has had to be obtained for the machine to fly over the forbidden territory of the Maharajah of Nepal. The only danger will lie with the peculiar atmospherics and wind currents which the nature of the mountain will create. Colonel Etherton, the honorary organizing secretary, says that it is proposed to make a complete film of the flight. The clothes and cameras of the flying men will be electrically heated. W. J. Makin

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FLAMING MYSTERY AT SEA

(*Continued from p.* 116)

still, perhaps largely unlit, no tropics? What of the *Rex* off Gibraltar, the *Conte di Savoia* springing a hole in an Atlantic gale? These things simply have not occurred in the past.

In many minds must be the haunting thought: Supposing one of these lightning, running conflagrations broke out in a crowded luxury liner far out in an angry ocean?

Faced by inquiries held in secret and rounded off with whitewash, the French have more cause for fear than others—yet this is an International matter. It may be that we stand confronted by a mixture of genuine accident and of the criminal hand taking advantage, for some objective or another, of the exceptional firing facilities offered by modern liners. Some of these fires may really be due to faulty wiring plus cellulose trappings. Others—particularly those in port—definitely not.

Counter measures appear to be threefold.

The strictest patrolling ashore and afloat, and the putting of personnel through a sieve.

Pursuing the odd notion that a ship should be primarily a ship. Without reference to nationality, this implies an end to idle Grand Babylon luxury where such conflicts with safety. Also, there should be wholesale re-wiring where this has not attained British security; while the future of oil, in view of its inflammable nature, might have to be reconsidered.

Thirdly, one gathers that the insurance people, besides changing their rates against fire—the giant *Normandie* may be uninsurable unless fitted out in asbestos—are all out for such gadgets as will instantly indicate where flame has appeared. There's a new gadget, for instance, which tells the precise temperature anywhere in a ship, while in Holland a vessel is being experimentally set on fire twice and thrice daily, and all manner of counter measures tried out.

Continued disturbing mystery is what has to be attacked. Personally, I opt, on the evidence, for the human hand and dud electricity alternating.

THE WORLD'S BEST BUS SERVICE

(*Continued from p.* 120)

Among the coachbuilders in Paris was a Londoner named Shillibeer. The Paris omnibus company commissioned him to build some vehicles of an approved design. Whilst doing so, Shillibeer was struck with the suitability of the omnibus for service in London, and having executed the commission he sold up his business and returned to his native city, determined to launch out as an omnibus proprietor himself. The omnibus began working on July 4, 1829, between Paddington Green and the Bank. It carried eighteen passengers and a fare of one shilling was charged for the through journey, with a half-way fare of sixpence. The omnibus was a very much better type of vehicle than the slow and frowsy stage coaches that ran between Paddington and the Bank, and it obtained immediate popularity. Shillibeer soon had another one in service, and within a short period he had quite a small fleet in operation. Other proprietors entered the field. These early omnibuses provided books and newspapers for the entertainment of passengers, but as a thirst for knowledge inspired the passengers to pocket the books the literary side of omnibus traffic was of brief duration.

The L.G.O.C. began operations in January, 1856, the enterprise being inspired largely by public dissatisfaction with the existing services. The company bought 600 of the existing omnibuses, and paid the proprietors £250,000 for the right to work them on the established route.

Later on, in the process of evolution, the L.G.O.C. tried no fewer than thirty-five different types of chassis on their motor omnibuses. The rest you know.

BOOKS (*Continued from p.* 124)

modern. A young bride talks about her husband's "necrophilous behaviour," and the young husband promises her "horrid, sadistic week-ends together in a boarding house." This is the young Oxford mode, I suppose. It will pass. And when it has passed in Mr. Frazer's mind he will produce something quite worthy of his astonishing equipment and vivid imagination. He has the gift of giving life to things he touches. No novelist can ask for a better endowment.

Mr. Cunliffe Owen, on the contrary, cannot bring life to any of his characters in *The Phœnix and the Dove* (Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.). They are stained-glass figures, beautiful, but devoid of reality. He is a most deft weaver of a prose tapestry, but the weaving engages his whole attention. Here is a most conscientious construction of the Elizabethan age, with all the stock characters, the Queen, Raleigh, Essex, Southampton, and Shakespeare. They are moved like chessmen across the board, and make their set speeches. "My reign goes on in clouds of ever-growing portentousness, as though my palace were tapestried in black Geneva gowns." All the characters talk like this.

NOTES and NEWS

BIG BEN'S BIG BROTHER

Minute Hand a 17 ft. Girder

A remarkable clock, just erected for the proprietors of Bile Beans on the Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, is claimed to be the largest in the British Empire.

Its face is 759 sq. ft. in size, whilst Big Ben is only a little over 400 sq. ft. The minute hand is really a huge girder 17 ft. long. The clock, which is illuminated day and night by neon, flashes out the following two messages: "Take Bile Beans at Bed Time" and "Take Bile Beans to Keep Fit." The size of the largest letter is 8 ft. 9 ins., the smallest being 2 ft. 6 ins. Nearly 600 ft. of neon tubing was used in making the letters, and the electrical connection required 99½ miles of wiring.

The clock mechanism is contained in a box only 3 ft. wide, 1 ft. from back to front and 18 ins. high. The clock, synchronized with Greenwich, never requires winding, being worked directly by electricity, and Londoners now set their own watches by it. Over fourteen tons of steel were used in the construction of this tremendous timepiece.

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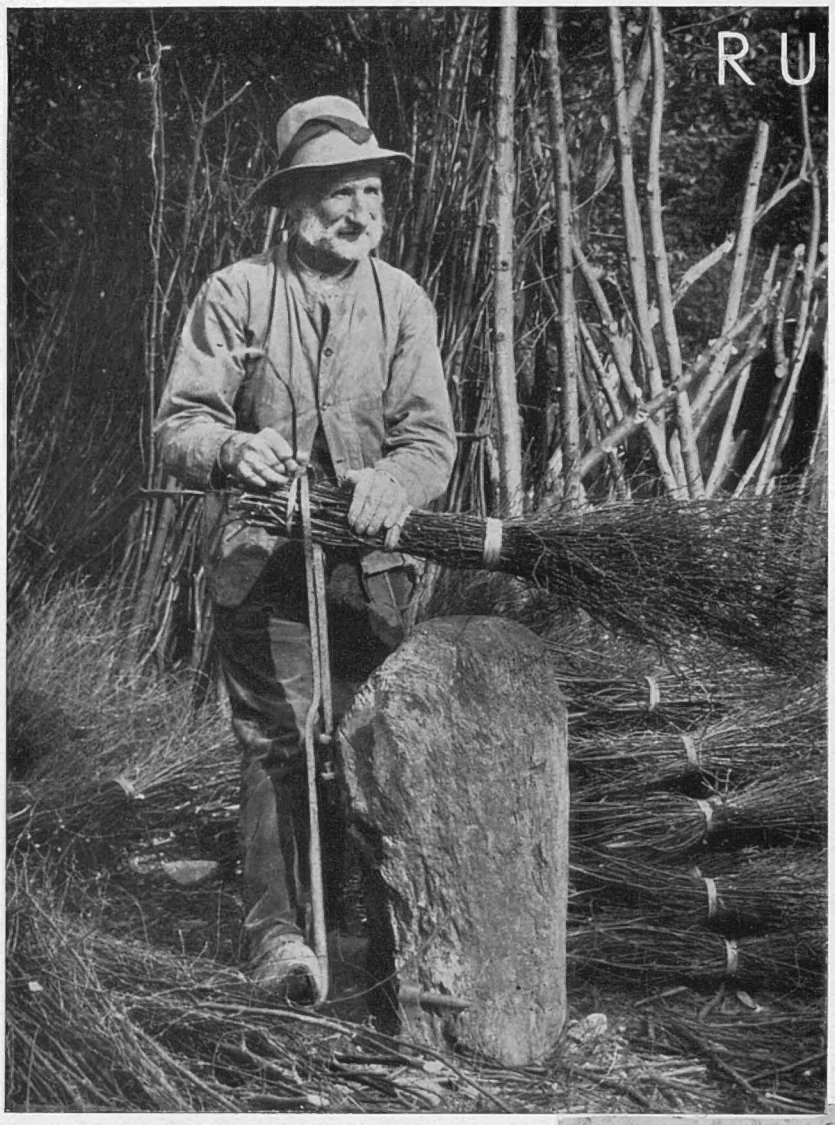
RURAL INDUSTRY



A FRIEND OF RUSKIN: Mr. Parker, an eighty-year-old birch-broom maker of Lancashire, who is still hale, hearty, and active. He is, of necessity in his work, a superb woodman

HOMESPUN HEREFORDSHIRE TWEEDS are still being made on looms 150 years old in Rodenham under the direction of Mr. F. C. Appleton. The local cottagers (two of whom are seen above) shrink the tweed by hand

CELLAR-GROWN MUSHROOMS: The luscious fungus is grown all the year round in the cellar of an old manor house at Woodchester, Gloucestershire. They grow in specially prepared beds in the dark and can prove a profitable side-line to those with the necessary accommodation

THE WITHY SEASON: The Isle of Athelney, Somerset, is engrossed in gathering the rough, flexible branches of willow or osier used for basket-making. The withy harvest is a staple industry of the district

GLOVE-MAKERS OF WILTSHIRE: The inhabitants of Westbury and the surrounding villages, encouraged by tariff walls, are busily engaged in making hand-sewn gloves. Workmen are seen above preparing the leather

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MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING

1933

BY APPOINTMENT
RUBBER TYRE
MAKERS TO H.R.H. THE
PRINCE OF WALES

DUNLOP

DUNLOP MAGNA

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C.F.H.

THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen - - The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
Do. - Lion Royal Hotel
Do. - "Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick - - White Swan Hotel
Alton - - - Swan Hotel
Anglesey - - Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford - - Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury - - Crown Hotel

Banbury - - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) Royal Hotel
Barmouth - - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - - Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - - - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do. - - - Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W. Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent - The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool - - Empire Private Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie - - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis - Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do. - Gresham Hotel
Do. - Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge - Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Branksome Dene Hotel
Do. - Boscombe Dene
Do. - Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do. - Carlton Hotel
Do. - Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do. - Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - Hotel Walmer
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Mandurah Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
Do. - Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere - Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill - - Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan - Allan Water Hotel
Brighton - - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do. - - Hollywood Hotel
Broadway - - Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora - - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton - - - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - - - The Old Hall Hotel

Carrigart - - The Rosapenna Hotel (Co. Donegal)
Catterick - - The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford - - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - - Ellenborough Hotel
Do. - - Plough Hotel
Do. - - Pyatt's Hotel
Chester - - - Queen's Hotel
Cirencester - - King's Head Hotel
Do. - - Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do. - - Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork - - - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do. - - Lion Hotel
Cromer - - - The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock Greyhound Hotel

Dalkey (Co. Dublin) Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish - - - Selton Hotel
Derby - - - - Friary Hotel
Do. - - - Midland Hotel
Dornoch - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa - Impney Hotel
Do. - Raven Hotel
Dublin - - Central Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do. - - Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries - - County Hotel
Dundee - - Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld - - Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) - Ross's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel

Eastbourne - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Southdown Hotel
Do. - - The Chatsworth Hotel
Do. - - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - - Royal British Hotel
Elie - - - Marine Hotel

Falmouth - - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - - Grand Hotel
Fowey - - - Fowey Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Hotel

Glasgow - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do. - - - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - - Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Do. - - New Inn Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Do. - - Spread Eagle
Goathland - - Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea - The Pier Hotel
Greenock - - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - Hardwicke Hotel

Greystones - - Grand Hotel (Co. Wicklow)
Guernsey - - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - - - Bisset's Hotel

Halifax - - - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - - Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
Do. - - Granby Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Majestic Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings - - Queen's Hotel
Heathfield - - Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames Imperial Hotel
Hereford - - Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead - - Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross - - Hoops Inn
Hove - - - Courtlands Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull - - - White House Hotel
Do. - - - Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - - - Imperial Hotel
Hythe - - - Sutherland House Hotel

Ilfracombe - - Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon) Instow Private Hotel
Inverness - - Station Hotel

Kenilworth - - Arden House Hotel
Keswick - - County Hotel
Do. - - Keswick Hotel
Do. - - The Borrowdale Hotel
Do. - - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens - Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin) - Ross's Hotel
Kingussie - - Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve

Leamington Spa - Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do. - Crown Hotel
Do. - Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds - - Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane - Newton House Hotel
Letchworth - - The People's House
Lincoln - - Grand Hotel
Littlehampton - Southlands Hotel
Liverpool - - Adelphi Hotel
Do. - - Exchange Hotel
Do. - - North Western Hotel
Llandudno - - Empire Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire - Loch Awe Hotel
London - - - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do. - - - Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do. - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do. - - - Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do. - - - Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do. - - - Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do. - - - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do. - - - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - - - Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - - - New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do. - - - Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do. - - - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - - - Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - - - South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - - - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do. - - - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - - - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - - - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - Stile House Hotel
Do. - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - - Clifton Hotel

Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea - Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - - Watersmeet Hotel

Newnham-on-Severn - Victoria Hotel

Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick - Marine Hotel
Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel

Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Do. - - Station Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel

Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Paignton Hydro
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Penrith - - - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Petersfield - - Fern Bank Private Hotel
Portheawl - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Seabank Hotel

Ramsey, I.O.M. - Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down) - Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge - Rumbling Bridge Hotel

St. Andrews - - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea - - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
St. Neots - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W. - Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaford - - - Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton - - - Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks - - Heathfield Private Hotel
Do. - - "Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon) Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth - Grange Hotel
Do. - "Aberdalgie"
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Do. - - - Hillgrove Guest House
Sunbury-on-Thames - Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland - - Palatine Hotel
Surbiton - - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill

Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
Do. - - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury - - The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone - - Rock House Private Hotel (S. Devon)
Do. - - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - - Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do. - - White House Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel

Ullapool - - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - - Brookfield Hotel

Ventnor - - Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Do. - - Belmont Private Hotel

Waltham Cross - Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som. Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool - Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare - Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do. - - Crosby Hall Hotel
Do. - - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks - Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Winchester - - Talbot Hotel
Do. - Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere - - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - - Low Wood Hotel
Windsor - - The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe - Whin Bay Hotel
Do. - - Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing - - Steyne Hotel

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HE man plays HE MAN'S game—*AND DRINKS*

"BLACK & WHITE"

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